

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow:

Fair.

THE EVENING NEWS.

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 90 degrees.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 3

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, MONDAY EVENING, JULY 23, 1906

NUMBER 104

REVIVAL GROWS IN INTEREST

Big Day at the Tabernacle---Tremendous Crowd Sunday Night.

The Sunday schools over the city held their services a half hour earlier Sunday, in order that preaching might begin at 10:30.

A good size crowd came out in spite of the uncomfortably hot weather, and they were well paid for their coming.

"Brethren if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." This is the text upon which Rev. Oliver preached a very powerful sermon. "The spirit of the text is Christian helpfulness to one another. Being overtaken in a fault is seldom more than the besetting sin of life. What is it that has hindered you from living close to God? Mr. Oliver appealed to the people of God to make the day one of heart searching and heart rendering. "Oh! for men with character enough to repudiate sin wherever found. He pictured the pitiable but common spectacle of a man or boy going down the street, crazed with drink, reeling from one side to another, defaming the name of God and polluting his lips with vile and wicked utterance. Men will laugh much and some will find joy in making fun and jesting. Such a sight should burden our souls, and in the spirit of the text the children of God should seek to restore this one overtaken in a fault.

"If the people of God could only realize the value of human souls in the sight of God, there would be a great searching for the lost in this town."

Here Bro. Oliver told a story of a doomed ship, and of how the Captain was the master of the situation; getting all on board life boats and safe. "Let us realize that we are in life boats to rescue perishing men and women, if our neighbor has a mill stone, or a besetting sin about his life let us restore such a one to a place of safety. It is necessary that the people of God get a proper conception of lost souls.

At this point Bro. Oliver condemned the church people of Ada for being so indifferent and for failure to do personal work. "The lost expects the saved to be interested in them. The Evangelist reminded the congregation that the Philosophy of his evangelistic work differed from others in that he asked Christians to go after sinners, not asking the sinners to come. "When I have left town, I want men to be able to point to others and say 'that man led me to Christ.' Such a condition would serve to constrain those newly converted to live correctly not only before their spiritual benefactors but before their God. "You will be able to lead the business men of this town to Christ when your business men go after them. You will be able to lead the professional men to Christ when you professional men go after them.

It is ridiculous to hear little "one-horse" business men say: 'I am too busy to go to church.' I haven't time to be religious! Which is the most important, selling groceries or bringing souls to Christ?" Bro. Oliver told of the great merchant, Wannamaker's devotion to his church and great Christian duty. "Let me convince you that

a business man can be religious if he wants to. He can go to church if he wants to. It is your business to say: 'By the grace of God, if I can be of any help to you at any time, let me know.

Bro. Oliver said that we give up fallen men and women too quickly. "You will brush by a fallen girl and ignore her but will let the hound who wrought her ruin come into your home and take your daughter out driving. I have more respect for the fallen girl, than he who caused her ruin. If you know of a fallen girl it is your duty to restore her. If you know of a man who is overtaken with drink, restore him.

"It is a great privilege to lead a soul to Christ." Pres. Harrison said the greatest honor that he ever enjoyed was the leading of a young man to Christ. If the President of the United States has time to do personal work and considers it a privilege, how much more should we consider that the time spent in leading souls to Christ is an admirable privilege.

"Tonight my text is found in Jer. 2: 19, 'Thine own wickedness shall correct thee and thy backslidings shall reprove thee; know therefore and see that it is an evil thing and bitter that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord, God of hosts.'

"Some men say that it is impossible to backslide. This is a mistake, for 900 references are given to the sin of backsliding. I am positive that God is not going to mention a thing 900 or more times unless it is worth our notice. You can find men and women in every church who are given to the sin of backsliding. Every man who believes in Jesus Christ can live the life of godliness. If he fails it is his own fault. Christian life means warfare. Go forward to fight the foe. God is never defeated. He has led us into battle that we might get the blessing. Loved ones have been lost, but it is easy to give them up if they are ready to meet God, but there are people all over this country who are shipwrecked and are going down to death. Do not get discouraged with the battle of life. Be a good soldier upon the battlefield. No man can claim to be justified in turning away from the way of righteousness. Stay close to your God.

If you go to following Him afar off the Devil will lead you into the brush. Keep your eye on the Son of God."

Here Bro. Oliver condemned the playing of cards in the home. "I would just as soon place in the hands of my little girl a kit of burglar's tools as I would to put cards in her hands. If you are not going to live a clean life do not get into the church.

"The Lord Jesus Christ will lead His sheep by still waters, but some people are not satisfied and want to back out and get with the goats. God's children are the sheep and the others are goats."

Mr. Oliver compared the labors of some preachers to the fellow to hired himself out to herd sheep and ran himself down trying to pen the jackrabbits,

thinking they were lambs.

"There are too many jackrabbits in the churches and not enough lambs.

"Every decent man will line up for God and prohibition. Got to have liquor? I say no. Let us bring Oklahoma into the Union a clean state. It will be happiness for this country when the whisky business is cut out. I have more respect for a devil in hell than a whelp who will sell liquor. Send deliverance to this people, O Christ! Let them grow in grace."

He told of the church member whose experience was written out, put away and eaten by rats.

"Many people's experience is eaten by the rats. Keep them in your heart instead of your dresser drawer. Have to have fresh ones every day. What are you doing today? Are you nearer heaven or are you one day nearer hell than ever before. Line up tonight and show yourself men of character."

"Backsliding means, when a man comes out and professes to be a Christian and promises to serve God from this day forward and then going from that place and taking upon his lips profanity. He has lost his touch with God and man. It is serious to make a vow and then break it. When a man promises God that he will be true, and will live a Christian life, he ought to die trying to keep his promise.

"Refuse to sell at any price! Are you going to make a 5c church member? Christianity is worth too much for us to play with it. Your destiny ought to be your highest aim in life. I love a man who cannot be bought.

"The backslider is too busy to go to church. If he loves his booze he joins the Elks. Every Wednesday night when he ought to have his wife and children with him at prayer meeting he

is sneaking off to some lodge."

Speaking of smoking cigarettes, Mr. Oliver said: "Girls, I had just as soon walk up the street with a pole-cat as a young buck smoking a cigarette. A cigarette is a piece of fire at one end and a fool at the other. He wouldn't bring 5c at auction.

"We want men who stand for the protection of the girls of our country. Give us men who stand for God. Men of character. The saddest of sights is to see a sweet, innocent girl standing at the marriage altar with a man who has no character.

"Parents should be careful who they let their sons and daughters get mixed up in these love affairs with. If the man you marry won't line up and be true to God, you have no guarantee that he will be true to you. If the devil runs the matrimonial affairs much longer he will be issuing marriage licenses with divorce coupons attached. God has given us the opportunity to quit our sins. The latch hangs on the outside of the door; pull the string, God will receive you and give you the blessings you need tonight."

Tabernacle Announcement.

There will be a great meeting for women only, Saturday at three o'clock.

Next Sunday afternoon at 3:00 there will be service for men only. A special lecture for men, you will be admitted by ticket but the ticket will be free.

The men of the town are required to close up there business houses for one hour four days in the week, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday from 10:00 to 11:00 o'clock.

Cupid flour, best on earth at Walsh's No. 17. 95-1f

COMMITTEES CONFER ON COTTON WARE HOUSE

In accordance with the appointment made two weeks ago the committees of nine each, commissioned respectively by the Farmers Union and by the Ada Commercial club, met Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock in Ada to confer upon the project to build in this city a large farmers cotton warehouse.

T. J. Chambliss was chosen chairman of the conference and J. W. Dean secretary. It has been published in the News the general nature of the enterprise but not until Saturday was it clearly indicated what the farmers expected of the citizens of Ada. After some desultory discussion it was made clear that the Union wishes Ada to donate the necessary ground and the Union will erect the building. All present seemed to think this a fair and equitable apportionment of the cost, and the Union's committee was given every assurance within the power of the club committee. The latter will report back to the Commercial club Tuesday night. It is confidently expected that body will promptly respond to the demand and have a suitable building site selected next week.

Quick action is necessary for the warehouse will be needed by Sept. 1. The District Union will convene at Egypt next Saturday at which time it expects to make definite plans for the construction. The club by all means should take hold of the enterprise vigorously and before Saturday have a choice of suitable sites to offer our farmers.

Roff Reunion Closes.

Saturday afternoon the great three days reunion of old soldiers at Roff came to a close. From beginning to end it was a brilliant success. An average of 4000 visitors were in attendance each day, and every one was fed lavishly.

Friday the speakers were Hon. R. L. Williams, of Durant, Hon. T. P. Gore, of Lawton, Hon. Henry M. Furman, of Ada and Hon. C. A. Skeen, of Wapukucka. All made good addresses and were heartily received.

Saturday the crowd was highly entertained with speeches by Hon. Claude Weaver, of Pauls Valley, Hon. E. J. Giddings, of Oklahoma City, Hon. W. M. Franklin, of Madill and Hon. T. D. McKeown, of Ada. Gen. Whit Hyden, of the Chickashaw Brigade, and Gen. Otis B. Weaver, commander of I. T. Sons of Veterans, each in turn acted in the capacity of master of ceremonies.

Throughout the three days program the Roff band furnished superb music, which greatly enhanced the pleasure of the occasion.

Before the close Saturday Otis B. Weaver offered an appropriate resolution—which was adopted with enthusiasm—heartily thanking the citizens of Roff for their unrivaled hospitality.

Each day there was an exciting ball game between the Ada and Roff teams. Thursday the score was 8 to 5 in Ada's favor; Friday, 3 to 2 in favor of Roff; Saturday Ada won again, 7 to 6.



WE ARE NOW

Turning out the finest ice cream in this section of country. It is a home product, even the ice that freezes it. When these conditions are facts why not use home manufactured cream?

CRYSTAL ICE CREAM COMPANY



A WOMAN'S DELIGHT

is always expressed if she is pleased. Let her visit our drug store and see the elegant line of PERFUMES, TOILET SOAPS AND WATER

we carry, and she will be more than delighted.

We also carry a line of fine candies in boxes.

G. M. RAMSEY, Druggist.
(Successor to Clark Drug Co.)

A Timely Suggestion

To Property Owners and Mortgagees:

Tornadoes and wind-storms have destroyed millions of dollars worth of property. In a few moments the savings of a lifetime disappear. Your property, or that held in trust by you, may at any time be similarly damaged or destroyed.

How would you be affected by such a loss? Are you insured?

A liberal form of contract protecting you in such an emergency can be had at low rates of premium from

OTIS B. WEAVER,
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.

PAUL W. ALLEN,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Horses Boarded by Day or Week.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.

Allen Livery Barn

South Townsend Ave., Phone 64.

Patronize Home Industry

By Buying Ice From

Ada Ice and Fuel Co.

Keep Your Money at Home.

We Handle the Best Grades of Coal.

Phone 249. Office at Ice Plant.

OTIS B. WEAVER

Continues in the Real Estate Business

And will give careful and energetic attention to all business entrusted. He has some very bargains in Ada real estate. Manager for beautiful Sunrise Addition. Office headquarters for prospectors

Weaver Building. 12th and Broadway.

OVERDRAFTS

It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the comptroller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this, it matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafts grew out of advancing on moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.

Ada National Bank

Capital and Surplus, \$63,500. Ada, Ind. Ter



TWO CORNERS OF THE NEWS OFFICE

Ada Evening News

OTIS B. WEAVER, PUBLISHER
M. D. STEINER, BUSINESS MGR.

Entered as second class mail matter March 26, 1934, at the post office at Ada, Indian Territory under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates on application.

THAT MOTLEY CONVENTION.

Last Thursday's News contained a signed article by a citizen of Ada in which the 16th District Republican Convention was severely arraigned because of the intimate commingling of the whites and blacks noticeable thereat. Several republicans have taken deep offence at the writup.

The News has no apologies to offer. The public may understand this paper will publish any pay, signed article offered, provided same outrages neither law nor good morals. However fierce the political turmoil might become, we had hoped to continue pleasant business and social relations with those of opposite party affiliation who have heretofore been our friends.

The constitution guarantees the negro political equality with the white man. That this sweeping concession to the black race was a monumental blunder is now admitted by the best American thought, regardless of party sympathies. However it is law, and Republicans are at liberty to court the affiliation of negroes in the party councils.

Social equality and amalgamation of the races is not guaranteed by the constitution; it cannot be; and it will never be! The suggestion of such equality is resented by not only all self-respecting whites but also by self-respecting negroes.

So regardless of political prejudice or rivalry, any conduct of political organizations which tends to encourage the leveling down process and to obliterate the racial distinctions is deeply to be deplored and is justly regarded with indignation by the community.

The full fraternization of the races in last week's convention was resented and denounced by republicans themselves, both from the North and from the South; some refused to participate in the proceedings because of it. Intimate contact with the negro race is really desired no more by respectable northern people than it is by southerners; no more by Republicans than by Democrats. Sensible negroes know it. Yet many a negro would sign away his vote for life for a Republican white man's hypocritical hug.

UGHT to hurry up with that sewerage. The people want to vote it and build it this fall.

ADA's baseball team is all right. Of course they will handle the Boston Bloomers tenderly Tuesday; but they will not be so bashful as to get beaten.

The big revival grows apace. The great tabernacle is filling up. It is revivifying the community morally and spiritually. It stands for a cleaner, greater city.

AFTER the next presidential election Bryan and Roosevelt may swap jobs. Roosevelt will essay the trip triumphant around the world while Bryan will have to stay at home and devote himself to the duties of the White House.

Cool Receptions.

The late James E. Scripps, the eminent Journalist of Detroit, once rose to address a rather cold and stiff audience in a reformed Episcopal church. Mr. Scripps took his hearers to task for their coldness in a goodhumored way. "Don't be like the flock of a young minister I know," he said.

"This young minister went to great pains to get up an evening's entertainment. The entertainment came off duly. There was a magic lantern, there were recitations and singing, and, by the minister himself, Shakespearean selections.

"The next morning, on the way to the postoffice, the minister met his oldest and most prominent deacon.

"Well deacon Jones," he said, "what did you think of the entertainment last night? And my Shakespearean recitations—did the people like them?"

"Why-er-yes, sir, seemin'ly," the deacon answered. "I hain't heard no complaints."

The "Boston Bloomers," ladies champion base ball club, will play the local team of this city on Tuesday, July 24. This will be a most interesting and exciting contest and it is predicted that the Boston Bloomers will have the largest attendance ever seen at a ball game in this city. The Boston Bloomers comprise a team of lady athletes who know how to play base ball and are perfect ladies in every respect. This will be the event of the season and our local base ball management should be congratulated on securing such a truly novel attraction.

Accept no Substitute.

There is nothing just as good for Malaria, Chills and Fever as Dr. Mendenhall's Chill and Fever cure. Take it as general tonic and at all times in place of quinine. If it fails to give satisfaction G. M. Ramsey drug Co. will refund your money.

Shallow Remorse.

"Remorse" said Mayor Wells of St. Louis, "is an excellent thing when deep enough. The trouble with most wrong doers, when remorse overtakes them, is that the emotion is feeble and shallow.

"The average type of remorse was that of a pickpocket who sent last year this note to a man whom he had robbed of \$100:

"Dear Sir: I stole your money. Remorse gnaws my conscience, and I return herewith \$1.50."

STRANGE SAVAGE CUSTOM

Weird Tribal Ceremony of the Natives of the Anglo-Abyssinian Boundary.

Some remarkable tribal customs are reported by an expedition sent into the comparatively unknown countries between the Abyssinian capital and the northwest of Lake Rudolf, in the neighborhood of the Anglo-Abyssinian boundary.

While the expedition was fitting out at Maji, the Abyssinian post in the southwest, the local Shankalla king died. He was sewn up in a fresh hide bag in a sitting position and placed on the floor of his hut, which stood in a clearing in the forest, and from miles around his subjects came to the lying in state.

The ground of the clearing was of hard beaten clay. All round were thick rows of huge "gogo" palms, and on one side four spacious, well thatched huts and a curious mound, probably sacrificial. By the side of the huts thousands of cow bells, sweet in tone as those in a Swiss upland valley, were hung on rude trellises and swung backwards and forwards by bands of women under the direction of an old witch.

The hard, level flooring of the clearing shook under the feet of hundreds of naked warriors, chanting a wild song of death, now advancing in a rhythmic rush, now retreating and leaving two of their number in the open, who, with their 12-foot spears held horizontally just over their shoulders, the shafts quivering like a snake before it strikes, danced a wild war dance, keeping time to the chant of the chorus.

When the din grew louder the crowd surged round the dead king's hut, suddenly parted, and through the lane thus formed dashed a gleaming figure, adorned with a leopard skin, orange colored ostrich feathers, beads, and bands of copper and brass and ivory round his neck and arms.

Three times he rushed round the clearing, followed by the shouting, singing warriors, and then disappeared as quickly as he had come. The new king had been chosen.

opium in cigarettes when tobacco is cheaper than opium?

"It's the same way in my business. I can turn out bonbons in any shade you want—from the greenest of God's green grass to the pinkest pink of a hunting coat, and do it all without the aid of any ingredients but pure vegetable colorings.

"I have no patience with those pure food advocates when they come nosing around the candy business. Few of them know what they are talking about and the others have taken a few sporadic cases of children poisoned or merely made ill by overindulgence in cheap candies and condemn the lot of us.

"The candy business demands an artist these days, when you have to make displays of form and coloring to keep in the forefront of the business."

Compensation.

"I am sorry," said the doctor, "but your little girl will not be able to speak for several days!" "Then it will be safe," said the anxious mother, "for me to invite the minister to tea, won't it?"—Sketch.

Changed Her Mind.

Stella—I thought you said you would never marry a man with red hair.

May—I thought I wouldn't at the time, but he afterward proposed.—Detroit Free Press.

"Scotch" in "Commons."

There is always a bountiful supply of Scotch whiskey provided for the British house of commons. There are 670 members and the huge vat which holds their whiskey contains 800 gallons, specially distilled for them. The contents of the vat are never permitted to fall below a certain level. It is refilled two or three times during every parliamentary session.

MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS

Safe and reliable, they overcome weakness, increase vigor, banish pains. No remedy equals Dr. J. C. Mott's Pennyroyal Pills. Sold by Druggists and Dr. J. C. Mott's Chemical Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

FRISCO SYSTEM
TIME CARD.
Ada, Ind. Ter.

EAST BOUND TRAINS.

No. 510 Meteor, 4:48 p. m.
No. 512 Eastern Exp., 9:45 a. m.
No. 542 Local Freight, 3:45 p. m.

WEST BOUND TRAINS.

No. 509 Meteor, 8:58 a. m.
No. 511 Texas Pass, 7:15 p. m.
No. 541 Local Freight, 7:45 a. m.

Local freight trains carry passengers provided with permits. Ten per cent saved on the purchase of round trip tickets.

I. McNair, Agent.

AMERICAN ARTISTS ABROAD

Their Merit Recognized and Rewarded Earlier Than It Is at Home.

Once more an American artist's picture holds the place of honor at the exhibition of the Royal Academy in London. Sargent had attained that honor; now it is Abbey's turn, with a picture distinctly American in subject, representing Columbus landing in the new world. Several other well-known American artists figure among the notable exhibitors. In the two annual picture shows now open in Paris, the same fact is true, reports the New York World.

American artists frequently complain, as do singers and musicians, that the surest way to distinction at home is recognition abroad. The protest implies that merit is not so readily accepted here as merit is in France and England.

The distinction attained by Sargent in London has done more than all his early successors in this country to assure his preeminence. The same may be said to be true of Abbey, although fame came to him easy as an illustrator. Something may be due to the circumstance that for years both have done most of their work abroad. Beyond a doubt, however, art is viewed far more hospitably in Paris and London than in New York. We have yet no art exhibitions that occupy so large a place in popular life as the regular shows of the two foreign capitals.

It is noteworthy also that more contemporary American artists have room in the Luxembourg museum, where living painters must await admission to the Louvre, than in our own Metropolitan. The Paris list counts about 25, among them Whistler, Sargent, Winslow Homer, La Farge, Alexander Harrison, Henry Mosler, Walter MacEwen, Carl Melchers, Miss Cassatt, Edwin L. Weeks and H. O. Tanner.

Under the old management American artists were treated with suspicion at the Metropolitan. It was sometimes difficult to get their works through the museum's doors even as gifts.

Fortunate, all that is being rapidly changed. Sir Purdon Clarke advocates the necessity of building up a representative American collection. Mr. George A. Hearn has donated a large fund, of which the income is reserved for the purchase of American works. It is a curious commentary on American taste that it was not until a foreign director was put in charge of the Metropolitan that American artists were promised something of the same public recognition they receive from the French government.

TURKEY WITH WOODEN LEG

Tale of a Gobbler That Smacks Something of the Munchausen Flavor.

In most communities there are certain persons who possess peculiar characteristics, habits and beliefs, and this is true of the long shore sportsman of the old Mother State as of persons dwelling elsewhere, says Forest and Stream.

Many of the old time sportsmen still carry and use their muzzle loading guns, which cannot be displaced by more modern arms. They usually manage to bag a good many birds and other game, and this is chiefly due, it is believed, to their knowledge of the habits of the game. They seldom go out without finding something.

A story is told of one gunner who if any of the shot should fall from his hands while loading his gun will at once return home and make no further effort to hunt that day, believing as he says, that those lost were his luck shot, and it would be useless for him to continue the hunt.

Another, whom I will call here Capt. Pete, is a sailor and all round sportsman. He loves to tell of his adventures with his dogs and gun, and is seldom seen without them. He tells many stories about the accuracy of Sweet Lips, his gun, and declares he can beat any man "a-shootin' for a turkey in the United States of Virginia."

On the occasion of a turkey hunt near the Rappahannock river Capt. Pete claims to have shot a 40-pound wild turkey, for which he was offered \$4 cash. The gray whiskers on the turkey's breast were 18 inches long, and he had one wooden leg. Here Capt. Pete gives a laugh that could be heard a half mile away. "Sar, he was the biggest turkey I ever saw. There were 18 fellows in the bunch of us, and four others besides, and all ate a sumptuous meal from one-half of his breast."

Uncle Pete says he cannot account for that one wooden leg unless that turkey had been previously owned by some one as a pet wild turkey.

Natural Arm Chair.

A gardener in Korea has formed a natural arm-chair by twisting a growing vine to the required shape. It is also studded with seeds of the gingko tree, which have grown into the fibers of the vine. After the chair was fashioned in this way it was cut from the ground, dried and polished until it resembled mahogany. It is 3 feet 4 inches high, 25 inches wide and weighs over 100 pounds.

Banquet in a Coal Mine.

Lord Northcote, governor general of Australia, was entertained to a banquet in a coal mine at Newcastle, New South Wales. The banquet hall was 300 feet below the surface.

No Student of Shakespeare.

"What is your favorite play?" asked the girl who quoted Shakespeare.

"Well," answered the youth with long hair, "I believe I like to see a man steal second as well as anything."

—Washington Star.

MIGRATION OF WILD GEESSE

How the Old Leader of a Flock Gathers It and Starts on Its Journey.

At the end of March or during the first week in April all the gray geese in the Outer Hebrides collect in one place before taking their departure for their nesting haunts within the Arctic circle.

To estimate their numbers is impossible, and to behold this vast concourse of geese as one of the sights of a lifetime. The vast host of birds stands packed together in a huge phalanx till the king of the graylegs starts the flight. As the old leader ascends a hundred thousand voices salute him, but none stir till from overhead he gives the call for his subjects to follow him.

Some fifty birds rise in the air and follow him, and as they go gradually assume the wedge-like formation, with three single birds in a string at the apex of the triangle, and in a few minutes are out of sight. When they have been fairly started the king returns, and after a few minutes rest he rises into the air again, and the same process is gone through before he leads off another batch.

Again and again he returns until all are gone but 300 old veterans, which rise to meet him in the air as he flies back to them. Then, with their sovereign at their head, these also wing their way toward the pole not to return until the following October.

MEASURING DEPTH OF AIR

Atmospheric Envelope of Earth Determined by Interesting Scientific Observation.

One hundred and 31 miles is the height of the atmosphere as measured by Prof. T. J. J. See, who determines the thickness of the air envelope by noting the difference between the time of sunset and the complete disappearance of blue from the sky. The moment at which the blue changes into black can be observed quite easily with approximate certainty by the naked eye when the air is clear; and by trigonometry may be ascertained the distance below the horizon of the sun at the moment of change. By this means may be calculated the height of the smallest illuminated particles of oxygen and nitrogen which give to the sky its blueness of tint by the reflection of the smallest wave lengths of the sun's light. The instant of change from blue to black is possibly a little difficult of exact observation, but the method is not more doubtful than that based in the observation of shooting stars. The shooting star method gives a result not greatly differing from the vanishing blue method. The former gives the height of the atmosphere at 109 miles.

4 Trains a Day

Between

Chicago, Indianapolis
and Cincinnati

VIA

MONON ROUTE

Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Ry. Co.

Finest Pullman Equipment, Including Compartment Cars, Incomparable Dining-Car Service.

The "LIMITED," A NEW TRAIN, leaving Chicago at 11:20 p. m., arriving Cincinnati 7:35 a. m., and leaving Cincinnati 11:25 p. m., arriving Chicago 7:40 a. m., is an especially popular train. Carries Indianapolis layover sleeper.

Chas. H. Rockwell,
Traffic Manager.

Frank J. Reed,
Gen. Pass. Agent

THE

SUNSET ROUTE

OCEAN to OCEAN

Offers the Best

Fast Trains, Latest Dining, Sleeping and Observation Cars Between

New Orleans and California, Daily

Through Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, and will carry you over the

Road of a Thousand Wonders

that you read so much and hear so much about from the press and the people. Oil burning locomotives all the way; no smoke, no cinders. For beautiful illustrated literature and other information, see nearest Sunset Ticket Agent

HEALTH AND VITALITY

DR. MOTT'S KIDNEY PILLS

The greatest remedy for all kidney and bladder troubles, and for all diseases of the urinary system. It is a powerful and reliable remedy, and is sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents.

THE NEWS'

SOUVENIR ALBUM

Will Portray Ada and Ada Country
in Beautiful Half Tone Pictures
Made From : : : :

Actual Photographs

There will be Nearly 150 Views and
no Expense is being spared in Compiling the Work : : : :

See Us About It

LOCAL NEWS

Gale Statler of Jessie is in town today.

Cupid flour at No. 17. Guaranteed the best. 95-tf

B. E. Sattlefered, of Honey Grove, Texas is in the city.

Walsh handles the White Swan canned goods. Phone 17. 95-tf

H. L. Byrne of Blossom, Texas is visiting his niece Mrs. H. B. Roach.

If you want the White Swan canned goods, phone us. M. L. Walsh. 95-tf

Quite a number of Adaites went to Shawnee on the excursion Sunday.

R. H. Gambler went to Lexington today to visit home folks.

M. L. Walsh will furnish you with the White Swan brand. Phone 17. 95-tf

LOST.—A sold gold watch charm with hook on it. Liberal reward. 104-2t

FOR RENT.—Good office rooms on Main street. Little Bros. 104-tf

Miss Mary Houghton visited her sister, Mrs. J. B. Emory, at Shawnee Sunday.

Art and Cricket Adair and Ophelia Warren returned from a ten days visit at Wetumka.

Mrs. H. A. Cunningham of Dallas, is the guest of her brother Mr. H. B. Roach on 10th street.

Miss Leone Ham, of Weatherford, Texas, is the guest of her sisters, Miss Cora Ham and Mrs. A. M. McKoy.

Dock Couch, Jesse Warren, Misses Warrens and Nannie Couch spent Sunday at Jackford and the Rockcrusher.

Five room house to rent on 16th street. \$9. per month. H. C. Thompson, over Ada Nat'l Bank 100-4t

L. D. Gordon and H. B. Church, of Jefferson City, Mo., friends of Atty. C. H. Ennis of this city are here prospecting.

Mrs. Margaret Hoover and little daughter, of Eureka, Kansas, are the guests of Mrs. Jno. Beard and Mrs. Dr. Broull.

Mrs. C. P. Bruce of Paul's Valley, Miss Inez Stewart of Ardmore, and Miss Chloe Roff of Roff, are the guests of Mrs. S. M. Torbett.

Mr. E. G. Martin, of Gainesville, Ky. and daughters, Mrs. N. O. Brite and Mrs. Will Stark, of Bowling Green are visiting their son and brother, Dr. S. J. Martin on 14th street.

Mrs. F. M. Allen and son, Jno. Skillman, came in Sunday from Denton, Texas, the guests of her brother-in-law Paul Allen on West 13th street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Sparger and their daughters Misses Irene and Blanche and Miss Lula Burney, of Bonham, went to Sulphur Saturday evening.

The person who took a song book from the tabernacle belonging to the man whose name appears in the cover, will please return same this evening and leave it in the seat he took it from. Thank you. 104-1t

Miss Mammie Burris, accomplished daughter of Judge Burris, a Chickasaw citizen of McGee, is the guest of Mrs. W. A. Alexander. She has been attending Columbia University in Washington, D. C. for several years and returns there in September to teach art.

A. N. Harrison, of Terrel, Texas accompanied by his family came in Sunday and will reside here permanently. He expects to eventually engage in the civil service business. Mr. Harrison was a reader of the News at his Texas home and called to have his paper transferred. We are always glad to welcome Texas citizens to Ada.

We guarantee our Cupid flour. No. 17. Walsh. 95-tf

The "Boston Bloomers," ladies champion base ball club, will play the local team of this city on Tuesday, July 24. This will be a most interesting and exciting contest and it is predicted that Boston Bloomers will have the largest attendance ever seen at a ball game in this city. The Boston Bloomers comprise a team of lady athletes who know how to play base ball and are perfect ladies in every respect. This will be the event of the season and our local base ball management should be congratulated on securing such a truly novel attraction. 104-1t

Do You Need Shoes?

If you want a pair of Shoes that combine style, elegance and individuality with the best leather and excellent workmanship, why not try ours? You will be satisfied with your selection. The latest correct styles for men, women and children

CHAPMAN The Shoe Man.

Good Man Endorsed.

The News is pleased beyond measure to note the announcement that Mr. W. W. Barnett of Allen is the unanimous choice of the democrats of that town for delegate to the constitutional convention for the District which may include the town of Allen.

Mr. Barnett is a farmer, and an honest and intelligent gentleman. Who could represent a constituency better in a constitutional convention?

Here is what Mr. Barnett's neighbor democrats think of his candidacy.

Endorsement of W. W. Barnett.

Whereas our fellow citizen, W. W. Barnett, has made known his intention of becoming a candidate to the Constitutional Convention and, whereas he is widely known to be a citizen of sterling worth, unimpeachable honor, and steadfast integrity, and whereas, we believe that he will honestly represent the conditions and needs of the district from which he will, if elected, be sent and, whereas, we deem him the most suitable of all known aspirants for the Conventional honors; Therefore,

Be it resolved, that we, the Democratic Club of Allen, I. T., in session assembled, do heartily sustain, and endorse his candidacy for said office of Delegate to the Constitutional Convention. This July 16, 1906.

B. F. Cunningham, Pres.
O. W. Ross, Secretary.

Remember the Game.

The original "Boston Bloomers, Ladies Base Ball Club," who are making an extensive tour of this country, traveling in their own special private car, will play a most novel, interesting and exciting game of ball with our local team on Thursday, July 24. They have caused thousands to applaud and marvel at their wonderful playing, and are without doubt the greatest club of lady base ball players ever organized. Their remarkable success during the short time they have been in this section is only a continuation of the success they have met with everywhere. Ladies can attend this game without any fear of being offended, as nothing will be said or done that would shock the most fastidious. The ball grounds will be enclosed with a canvass fence 14 feet high and a covered grand stand will also be erected. Game called at 3:00 p. m. Admission 50 cents. Grand stand extra. You will be greatly disappointed if you fail to see them. 104-1t

Jumbled Reasoning.

Upton Sinclair, the famous young novelist, was talking at Princeton about America's more notorious and vicious corporations.

"The men who own these corporations don't regard themselves," he said, "As scoundrels, as vile and pitiless scoundrels. Somehow they deceive themselves into thinking that they are good business men, public benefactors who put bread into the mouths of thousands of poor folk."

"Their reasoning is altogether jumbled, illogical, idiotic, unconvincing. It is like the reasoning of the boy with the toothache."

"This boy, beside himself with toothache, muttered, as he started for the dentist's office with his hands to his cheek:

"Maybe it'll ease up some by the time I get in the chair. If it does I'll pretend I want a haircut."

SHOT IN BACK.

Hugh Maxwell accused of Selling liquor at Railroad Camp.

Saturday night Deputy Brent's arrested Hugh Maxwell three miles west of town who had been shot over the shoulder blade by Mr. McAdams, a contractor on the Oklahoma Central near town. The wound is slight. Mr. Brents says Maxwell was peddling whiskey in the camp and when pursued by McAdams he took to the woods but was fired on by the contractor. Both parties are here awaiting the examining trial.

BOOT LEGGER.

Jno. Sullivan Arrested at Francis by Marshall Skinner,

City Marshall, R. J. Skinner of Francis came in this morning having in custody Jno. Sullivan, whom he had arrested at Francis Saturday evening. The examining trial is being held today. Dave Patterson, J. A. Sutton and Grant Scroggin are here as witnesses.

Young Peoples Meeting.

Nearly 250 children heard Bro. Oliver's talk at the Young People's meeting. Space forbids us giving even a meagre account of the service. He impressed on his hearers the importance of early training of the children. "If they are old enough to go to school they are old enough to be trained in the service of God."

The life germ is formed the first seven years of a child's life, therefore it is important to train the children early in the service of God."

This service was a helpful one. The children were awakened to the responsibility of parents in the home and of consistency therein.

Frisco.

Summer tourist rates to points in the Southwest. Rate, one and one-fifth fare for round trip. Tickets on sale June 1st to September 30th. Final limit October 31st, 1906. This rate applies to many points in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia. Call and get particulars. I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.

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Will Supply Your Needs In

Shirts

At Prices That Will Astonish.

The Latest Men's Col-lars. All Sizes for

10c EACH

We Have Some Big Bargains in Child-rens Shoes

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TEAS and EXTRACTS

Are The Best

1 lb. pkge Tea . . . 20c

1 lb. pkge. Tea . . . 35c

Extracts . . . 15c, 20c



Jones & Meaders

Doctors Endorse It.

Long Bros., Druggists, Paducah, Ky., write: "We sell more of Dr. Mendenhall's Chill and Fever Cure than all other remedies combined, having retailed over 700 bottles in one season. Physicians here prescribe it and persons who once use it will have no other. Sold by G. M. Ramsey Drug Co."

Geo. A. Truitt, Engineer and Land Surveyor

Office Rear Ada National Bank.

Prompt and Careful Attention Given to All Work Entrusted.



Eyes Tested Here

By a Specialist, and Glasses Made to Suit. Absolute Satisfaction is Guaranteed You.

Sprague Bros., Ada, I. T.

A Full Line of May Manton Bazar PATTERNS

10c each. Catalogues 10c. Fashion Sheet Free.

These patterns are the best that can be purchased anywhere at any price.

Reed & Harrison



New Dairy

I have started my wagon and am now prepared to supply the people with choice milk and cream. Your patronage solicited.

R. L. McGUYRE, Phone No. 193.

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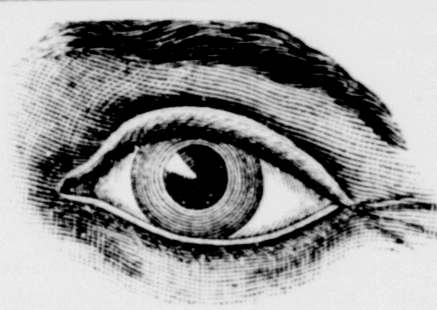
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The Best Makes, the Lowest Prices

I have opened the Twelfth Street Meet Market

and ask a share of your patronage. Nothing but the best of meats will be carried and your patronage will be given the most careful attention.

C. L. HICKEY.



Eyes Tested and Glasses Fitted C. J. Warren, Optician

ADA STEAM LAUNDRY CO.

Is given up to be best. Do

Largest Agency Work of any plant in this Territory.

MISS NELLIE KENNEDY,

TRAINED NURSE.

Konawa Ind. Ter.

Phone No. 33.

The NICKEL STORE

Where You Save Money on Everything.

A full car load of Crockery landed in the Nickel Store a few days since. In this lot there are a lot of things you will be interested in; may be not because of what they are, but because you can buy them so cheap.

Milk Pans or Cocks 6c

1 gal. Milk Pans or 12c

Cocks, 2 gal.

Tall Jars, up to and including 6 gallon sizes, cost you 6c per gallon. You will find the tall jars particularly nice for putting up your pickles, etc.

Come here for your Fruit Jars. Fruit Jars, Ball Mason patent, with tops and rubbers, 1/2 gallon size, 85c dozen.

Extra Rubbers for fruit jars, 5c dozen.

Extra Tops with Rubbers, 25c dozen

Jelly Glasses with tin covers, 25c dozen.

Candies

Don't fail to try our nice fresh Candies. We are sole agents for the "Red Band Brand" candies of New York City manufacture, a factory that makes 20 tons of fine Candy a day. Coconut Bon Bons and Chocolates per pound 12c.

Our Stationery Department

This is, has been and will be one of the most successful in the store. We sell pens, ink, mucilage, glue, composition books, ledgers, journals, day books, tabiats both for pencil and ink, ruled and unruled. 5c.

We also in this department keep slates, slate pencils, school boxes and school supplies.

Novels

A complete, always up-to-date line of novels, standard authors, 10c.

The Nickel Store.

The 5c and 10c store of Ada, I. T.

S. M. Shaw, Prop New location on Main street third door west of Rollow's corner.

Phone 77.



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The Intensely Practical Poet.

BY J. LOUIS ENGBAHL.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
"Now, if you could only write poetry."

"Poetry be—I beg your pardon, but do you know that I think you are very foolish?" and Harry Furber shrugged his shoulders, jabbed his hands into his pockets, and thought the question decided.

"I wish I could get you to appreciate the artistic. It is a great thing to love art."

"My goodness. I love you, and that is enough for me. I can go to the theater and pick a good play every time I see one. At the exhibit, I can admire the best pictures. I like beautiful singing. I can read a good story or a good book, but poetry—and you now want me to write some."

"You are too intensely practical."

"And you don't like 'intensely practical' people?"

"They are very nice to have around."

"Then I may come around as usual, you won't deny me that?"

"Oh, no; you are always welcome."

Then Furber took his leave. As he went down the steps of the Koessler mansion, he met Robert Phelan, but he did not look at him. Phelan was a poet.

They had been at Harvard together. Both had very indulgent fathers. Phelan had written poetry for the "Monthly," and in his senior year had been chosen to be its literary editor.

After graduating he had still continued to write poetry, and once his contribution had been accepted by an eastern magazine.

Furber had been a little of everything in college, and in the end had turned out to be not much of anything. He had made many friends, had a good time, managed to get a diploma, and, he asked: "What more could anyone want?" Immediately after graduation, Furber, the elder, had taken his son into his office, intent on teaching him the grain business. Furber was a name much known on 'change in Chicago.

Harry Furber was appointed to be one of the representatives of the firm in the pit, and he had soon learned to bid in on the wheat with the best of them.

But Ruth Koessler was his stumbling block, and Phelan, the poet, was the hard thing he bumped against every time he stumbled. Together, Furber and Phelan had begun to call upon Ruth. Ruth said she liked both of them, but she had gradually developed a sense for the artistic, and Furber was not artistic, but Phelan was a poet, and so he must be artistic. He could talk all about ancient Greece and Rome, and could quote much from the classics.

Furber knew the original source of these lectures, and although he liked to hear Ruth talk, he would not stand for anything that came from his rival. And now she wanted him to write poetry.

It was the middle of the forenoon, and things had quieted down in the pit. The market was holding steady, and Furber was wondering what effect the war in the east would have on the year's crop.

He walked up out of the pit and sat down in a chair away from the rest of the crowd. He was thinking of Ruth again. He sat and thought of the talk they had had the day before.

Then a smile something akin to the kind he wore when he had done something very well, stole across his face.

He pulled a pad of paper from his pocket, and for half an hour he seemed to be struggling with something in his mind, once in awhile writing down something, and the men in the pit continued to loaf and talk automobiles, and prices in wheat still held steady.

"Then, when the half hour was up, he smiled again, reread what he had written, and then looked about him."

"Hello, there, Ripley!" he called.

"I have got a scheme," Furber said.

"I want you to get up there in the pit and introduce me as 'the great and only,' you understand. Then I will get up and speak my piece."

"All right," and Ripley went over to a long, inclosed desk, where several men were writing, and spoke a few words to them. Then he came back to the pit and took a position where he could be heard by all.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am about to introduce to you our far-famed, great and only illustrious friend and co-worker, Furber, the poet," and Ripley stopped to get his breath, and everyone applauded.

"He has composed a poem in your honor—your honor, I say, the honor of all of us," and he stopped again, and there was some more cheering.

"Now, gentlemen, I want you to give your best attention. The show begins right away."

A chair was brought, and Furber, with the sheet of paper in one hand, got up into it, blushing like a little girl making her first appearance at a Sunday-School Christmas tree. Then he began:

There's a bull upon the market,
And the bear is waxing hot;
In the East the Japs are fighting,
In the wheat the rust is out;
So the bear is waxing hot.

The farmers want high prices,
They all yell for dollar wheat;
So they scare the trade with cries
Of Hessian fly and rains of sleet;
And the bear keeps waxing hot.

There are many wheat crop killers,
With this bull upon the market,
Yelling hail and blight and frost;
But the Russian bear ain't in it,
With this bear that's always hot.

Then he finished the applause, which broken out in several places, grew ring, for these men of the pit could not, and then some one started a line, and in turn Furber was compelled to take the hand and receive the con-

gratulations of every man in the room.

Late that afternoon, Furber took his way leisurely out to the Koessler mansion, and he hoped that she would be at home. He didn't have time to wait for the evening editions to appear on the streets, but he would make her read his poetry out of her own newspaper.

Phelan, coming down the steps as he ascended, was a damper on his feelings, but could not suppress them by any means.

"I am so glad to see you!" cried Ruth, as she opened the door in answer to his ring.

"Nothing artificial about that welcome," thought Furber. Then he managed to have her take him out on the inclosed veranda that overlooked the street. He wanted to get that paper from the carrier as soon as he could. In the meantime they talked.

"I believe I could like intensely practical people," Ruth said, guardedly.

"But they can't write poetry."

"When I was down town this morning, I went over to see what you were doing. I was up in the balcony, and—"

"I never saw you," broke in Furber, and a sickly feeling came over him.

He wondered at what time she was up there in the balcony.

"No, but I saw you, and you seemed so excited, just like all the others. I do not know what you were all shouting about, but I knew that you were doing things. Everything seemed on the move."

"Thank you," said Furber, and he felt relieved. "She must have been up there afterwards," he thought.

At that moment the paper carried came around the corner, and in a few minutes Furber was eagerly turning the pages of a copy. Ruth wondered what was the matter with him. Then he dropped the paper and looked out towards the street. He could not look at her.

"Why, what's this?" said Ruth, and he turned.

The paper was lying where it had fallen with the last page upwards. Sure, there it was. He had forgotten to look at the last page.

He picked up the paper and handed it to Ruth. This individual newspaper devoted the last page to special features. It had certainly made a feature of him. There was a write-up with the poem telling all about it and the author, but there was also—he swore he would jump on that reporter next time he met him—the picture of himself in his running togs at college. It must have been the cut they used that year he ran in the mile. "University athlete goes through wheat pit to become a poet," it said.

But Ruth was devouring it all. "Oh, Harry, how could you do it?" she said at last.

"Easy," and Harry would have hugged that reporter.

Then Ruth got up and went into the house followed by Furber. She got a scissors and carefully clipped the poem from the paper.

"Say, Harry," she said, as she finished, "you can do almost anything, can't you?"

Harry was too much flattered to answer.

"Well—" and Ruth blushed slightly and smiled at him.

"Ruth," and Harry stretched out his arms toward her imploringly.

When they closed, they circled about Ruth, for she was within them.

OLD JAKE'S SHOT.

Amusing Story of Gen. Nelson During the Siege at Corinth—His Lucky Shot.

One day during the siege of Corinth Gen. Nelson came to the front to look after things and especially to see how a favorite battery of artillery was getting along. A party of Confederate sharpshooters had taken refuge in one old house about half a mile to the front of our force, and the artillerymen were directing their guns upon it. He grew very impatient because the house had not yet been struck and rode hastily up to the guns.

"They will pick you off there, general," said our sergeant in a warning voice.

The general snapped out: "Go to the devil, sir; no, darn it, I mean to thank you, sir."

Just then came a long tom with a "zip." The general, hearing the well known sound, jumped off his horse in a rage, caught one of the guns, ran it forward by main strength and aimed it himself, remarking that he would show them how to shoot at him.

As he was aiming our captain said: "A little too high, general," but was met with the ever ready reply: "Go to the devil," and ordered to pull the string.

The ball went crashing through the tree tops not a hundred yards ahead of us, more in the direction of the sky than the house, says the American Tribune; but it happened that at the same instant one of our other guns was fired, and the ball struck the chimney of the house.

The general, seeing the chimney fall, shouted: "By God, sir, I knew it; it takes me to knock things about them," and rode away, calling back: "Captain, I will call around in the morning and give you practice; I can hit 'em every time."

He did not hear the laugh that followed, but old Jake's shot was never forgotten.

Architect Needed Nowadays.

Flubb—Hear about Squigg? He's a successful architect.

Dubb—Architect! Why, he doesn't know the difference between a Greek temple and a dog kennel.

"No; but he can put a six-room apartment where there is only space for a five-room flat."—Columbia Jester.

The Major.

BY CHARLES EDMUND BARKER.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

He was one of the kind of people who come naturally by a nickname.

The major was one of the most methodical of men. Promptly at nine o'clock he came down fresh and pink from breakfast, read his mail in the comfortable seclusion of the writing room, dictated the answers to his letters to the hotel stenographer, lit a fresh cigar at the cigar stand, and then dull business cares were brushed aside and he repaired with sprightly steps to the bar, where he seated himself in a favorite corner and began the serious occupation of the day by ordering a "gentleman's drink of whisky." Other drinks followed at intervals during the morning, varied in strength and frequency by the character and numbers of the other visitors.

By the hour of noon he had reached a stage of mellowness that developed a rare play of rich and spicy wit.

It was beneath the manhood of the major to approach the dining-room while in his cups. When six o'clock came, his dinner was served to him at his particular table in the corner of the bar, and the sitting, more often than not, was continued until midnight.

With all his roystering habits, it should not be hastily concluded that the major led an entirely useless or purposeless existence. Many were the tales of his generosity. When "Dab," the old head porter, was laid up with rheumatism, it was the major who visited him in his little hovel of a home on "The West Side," provided for his family and paid his doctor's bill. Then every one knew of his kindly and sympathetic interest when Miss McFee, the old-maid stenographer, took pneumonia and died.

And then the new stenographer came.

She was a lump of a girl, as round as a pigeon, with frank, brown eyes that seemed to challenge respect and chivalry by their very innocence. Her voice was soft and respectful, and it was an inspiration to see her personal and complete interest in her patrons. Miss Mitchell was her name, and it was laid to keep from becoming confidential with her at the very first interview.

Almost from the first, the sharp observers among the frequenters of the Windsor, noticed that it took the major somewhat longer to dictate his mail to Miss Mitchell than it had to Miss McFee, and, moreover, he did not hurry away to the bar quite so precipitately.

One day in the midst of the letters, Miss Mitchell looked up for an instant at a lady who was passing through the lobby.

"What an exquisite bunch of violets," she said.

"Very pretty," replied the major, following her glance, and then they went on with their work.

The next morning a neighboring artist's boy placed a fine bunch of English beauties in the little bud vase that had been Miss McFee's, on Miss Mitchell's desk, and morning after morning this was repeated.

After the morning dictation during one of the little chats which the major had come to allow himself, Miss Mitchell, one day expressed a very adverse opinion about the men who drank and were "fast."

This speech had a marked effect upon the major.

The very next day, after his business routine, the major left a forwarding address with the clerk on duty and registered out. His absence was noticed immediately in the bar, and inquiries were made of the clerk.

A month—two months passed, and still the major had not returned to his old corner in the Windsor bar. The only mark of his long residence at the hotel was the little bunch of fresh violets which daily adorned Miss Mitchell's desk.

One day, as unheralded as had been his departure, the major returned to the Windsor. His complexion was whiter and his eyes were clearer, otherwise he was the same old major, careless, lively and jovial.

He dictated his letters to Miss Mitchell as usual the next morning, but it was observed and marked with much special notice that he did not follow his old habit of turning toward the bar immediately thereafter. Instead of this, he stepped into a big automobile that stood at the door, and was away in a trice. He became a devotee of this big machine. A large portion of the day he gave himself to runs and tours. Sometimes he carried a friend or two with him on these excursions; but they were rarely any of his old friends of the bar.

At least once he asked Miss Mitchell to ride with him, but she met the proposal with a cheerful "no, thank you," that left no room for doubt about her decision.

A morning came on which he attended to his correspondence with more than usual care. In addition to the regular grind of business he wrote some long delayed missives to old college friends—dashing, brilliant, unconventional letters they were, full of the boyish spirit which the major still held, notwithstanding his acknowledged 28 years. When he had quite finished, he drew from his pocket an important looking paper.

"Miss Mitchell, I have a very particular matter I wish to speak about—No, you needn't take my words down on paper—I'm not dictating. The fact is—I am—thinking of—well, giving you the chance of dictating some to me, if you think proper."

"Why—what do you mean, Mr. Ebs-

bourne," she asked, her large, heavy lashed eyes looking the utmost wonder.

"It's a very simple matter, Miss Mitchell—at least I used to think it was when I observed the symptoms in other folks. But—don't look at me like that—you might pretend you are taking notes; some one will see and wonder what we are talking about—"

"Oh, if it's anything—improper, you mustn't say it, Mr. Ebsbourne." She was plainly agitated.

"Not the very least improper, little one, but the most natural thing that ever occurred to me in all my wild, harum-scarum life. No, listen calmly; if what I say is not pleasing you, I will stop, and we will not talk about it any more. I love you. Don't start so, Miss Mitchell. I have loved you ever since the first time you looked at me with those clear, liquid, honest, pure eyes of yours. I have read in their depths more than I ever discovered in my wanderings over two continents. I will not bewilder you by trying to tell you all I feel; for in so doing I would only bewilder myself. I want to give you just the idea and leave you to think it over and get used to it. I can't help loving you, any more than I could help breathing or living if I didn't breathe."

"Why—Mr. Ebsbourne," she replied, "I don't think I care for you in any way like that."

"I didn't expect you to, little one. But you can give me a little hope, can't you? You don't dislike me, do you?"

"I think you are very kind."

"That's enough—that's enough—Don't need to say another word. I'll go now and let you get used to the idea of having a lover."

"Thank you," was all Miss Mitchell could think of to say.

True to his word, the major did not urge his attentions upon the little stenographer.

The sequel was none of the major's planning. He only knew that he was speeding down the river road one afternoon, when a young horse driven by a market gardener took fright and plumed about, backing the heavy wagon directly across his way at the moment when he supposed the driver was going to be able to manage his team without further difficulty.

There was a crash and the major felt a sharp twinge of pain. When he again opened his eyes, they were carrying him in at the ladies' entrance of the Windsor.

A girlish form and white face pushed through the tangled crowd of people about him, and a pair of soft pink arms slipped about his neck. The reactionary pains were settling in, but the presence of those arms seemed to lift the tension from his quivering nerves, and he felt as comfortable as a baby on its mother's breast. And there came flowers every day, and many little home comforts that the major had not seen or thought much about since he was a chunk of a boy.

At last there came a day when the doctor told the major he might see his friends. The major said something in the strictest confidence to his nurse, and after a very long time Miss Mitchell came up accompanied by a sweet-faced, motherly little woman in black, whom the major knew by instinct must be Miss Mitchell's mother.

"Mr. Ebsbourne," said Miss Mitchell, timidly, "I didn't know I cared in that way, but I do."

SOLDIERS HUNT COVER.

Red Bugs of Southern Texas Are Enemies Warriors Find It Hard to Rout.

Rifle ranges and target practice may be all very fine in theory, declare the regulars at Fort Sam Houston, but the peculiarities of the fauna of south-west Texas conspire to make it somewhat irksome.

In other words, the men are complaining of red bugs. These are so-called in Texas. In other places they are known as jiggers or chiggers. In France they are known as chigres and in other places as cheguas and chegoes, by which latter name they are lexicographically catalogued. They are fancifully known as the Leptus irritans and by others are called the Sarcopscylla penetrans. By the soldiers they are called hell.

It is no uncommon sight to see one of the regulars hunt a secluded spot, unlace his leggings and his much convoluted trousers, lower his summer cottons and then go after the Leptus. It is the legs of the khaki-clad Achilles that are the favorite sojourning spot for the Leptus penetrans. There is smaller chance of continuous disturbance from the owner of the shank and greater opportunity to penetrate.

The Sarcopscylla is an entertaining little animal. His salutes are maternal and his vespers are nocturnally prolonged. He is with you in your up-rising and your down-sitting and is amenable neither to rhyme nor reason. He toils not, neither does he spin, but Solomon with all his proverbs can not stung you into so great a dissatisfaction with life as one of these.

Hence the soldiers are not in favor of target practice when the red bugs come as the perquisites.—San Antonio Express.

City Greenhouse for Mourners.

To encourage the poorer classes to decorate the graves of relatives and friends with growing flowers instead of with artificial wreaths or cut flowers the Hammersmith borough council, of England, has erected a greenhouse near its cemetery gates, where geraniums and other pot flowers may be bought for a few pence. Hitherto graves have been adorned with flowers placed in jars and bottles.

The Disgrace of Jack Tetlow.

BY CLARENCE HOLCOMB.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"This Conroy party comes into the bunch grass country from New York," said the judge.

"Tenderfoot?"

"Say, he's that green that when he climbs down off the box of the stage he looks up 'an' fraid he's goin' to step in front of a trolley car."

"Sure he's green, but he's good stuff, an' next mornin' he's out lookin' fur a job. The boss of the Wrench outfit is in town, an' Joe strikes him first."

"Can you ride?" asks the boss.

"I don't know," says Joe, turnin' red, an' lookin' at the ground.

"Um," says the boss. "Can you cook?"

"I never have," says Joe, lookin' up hopeful, 'but I'll try."

"You needn't mind," says the boss, plenty sarcastic.

"Every place he tries it's the same, an' he's purty well discouraged when final he gets to me. I'm runnin' a bunch of control cattle on Stinkin' Water mountain that summer, an' I gives him a job. Shure it looks like makin' him a present of them wages, but he's such a decent sort a chap I ain't got the heart to turn him away. I hears about him every month in Tompson's report."

"First month he says: 'Put new man to helpin' the cook. Couldn't ride a rockin' horse, an' if he ever runs across a muley cow, the chances are he'll take a shot at it thinkin' it's a coyote.'"

"Second month: 'New man can ride a little. Falls off a good deal, but gets right back on. Gritty as a emery-wheel.'"

"Third month: 'Conroy's got all the old cows comin' in every evenin' to be lassed. Kind a got to be a habit with them. I thought when you sent him out here you must be losin' your mind, but I guess you knew wot you was doin'. He's a fine chap, an' a hard worker.'"

"It ain't long after this till the first snow falls on the mountain, an' the cattle has to be got in on the home ranch."

"It's hard work this, fur strange camps don't appeal to the cow-brute none, so after it's all over I gives the boys a week in town."

"Tompson goes after his first an' only love—faro. All summer long he's been workin' on a system, an' final he gets it down to such a fine point he can't lose. When he gets back on the ranch, he has his system left. He don't lose that."

"Barney Earle an' Jed Clemmins, believes in gettin' something fur their money, an' frequently after a week's carnival, they seems to have about everything, includin' a high-class menagerie, with a side line attraction of wild an' untamable reptiles. That's the way my vaqueros spend their time, but as I never had money enough to enjoy them sports myself, I hangs around the boardin' house principle, an' Joe keeps me company. The house was run at that time by a little widow by the name of Cummin's."

"Right off I notices she takes a likin' to Joe. Mind you, I don't mean she becomes enamored of him none, but he's such a neat little chap, it's strange if he ain't big cassino with the femmines."

"It seems a fellow named Black Jack Persons was playin' all suits both ways from the middle tryin' to win the widow, but she don't enthuse. Final, when Joe arrives on the scene she passes him up like he's a white chip, which makes him imagine Joe's alienatin' them affections. Natural, this makes him plenty furious, an' he figures it's only a matter of time, it'll retribution is bound to overtake the tenderfoot. And so things run along until the night before we leaves fur the ranch."

"Harry, Jed an' Barney is all down to the saloon, an' before we turns in, Joe an' I lights our pipes an' strolls down town. As we pass the saloon the boys in I takes it into my head to drop in an' try to get them to come to bed an' Joe follows."

"We ain't no more than entered, when a slab-sided kid called Goggle Eye George, sticks his foot between Joe's legs an' trips him up. This Goggle Eye George's eyes stick out like a shrimps, but when Joe gets up, he shure puts one of them back normal. Just one lick, an' Goggle Eye ain't got no more fight in him than a sheep, but he don't need to do his own fightin', fur right hyer Black Jack takes his hand an' plays it fur him."

"Gettin' up from the table, where he's been dealin' stud poker he walks up to Joe."

"Wot do you mean?" he snarled, 'a hittin' of my particular friend?"

"Joe didn't say anything, just stood his ground."

"Well, I'll make you talk!" shouts Black Jack, haulin' off an' knockin' Joe over a couple of chairs."

"Seem as I've lived in this country all my life, I hopes I knows the ediket of the plains, the same bein' that every man skelps his own coyote, but fur all that I'm fur jumpin' in if Tompson don't grab me by the arm."

"Catch your stirrups afore you go rampagin' into anything like this," he says, pushin' me back into the crowd. At the same time he slips his gun into his coat pocket. Seem in this I'm satisfied, fur with Tompson's gun coverin' Black Jack, Joe's as safe as if he's out on the ranch."

"Final Joe picks himself up, brushes his clothes, an' faces Black Jack."

"His mouth is bleedin', an' there's a mist over his eyes, but his voice is steady."

"I'm sorry if I knocks all the vas-

eline out of your hair," says Black Jack, grinnin'.

"Yes, I think you will be," says Joe. "You're not goin' to strike me?" asks Black Jack, like he's alarmed.

"No," replied Joe, serious.

"Well, that takes a turrible load off my mind, but mebbe you're goin' to shoot me?" he asks, like he's anxious.

"Ycs," says Joe, 'I think I shall."

"Now you're talkin' like a sport, even if you ain't got the ear marks," spouts Black Jack, 'an' I'm remarkin' there's few were any holes in their moccasins seekin' gun practice with me,' an' he swells up big."

"With this he motions the crowd to get off the firin' line, pulls his gun, an' goes to the further end of the room."

"Joe, he pulls a bull-dog 32 he's raked up somewheres, but keeps on standin' in the center of the room."

"Wot's the matter?" bawls Black Jack. "Losin' your nerve?"

"No," says Joe, shakin' his head. 'I was just a wonderin' if you wasn't goin' to lose your'n. You picks this quarrel, and you suggests the weapons. Now, I'm goin' to name the distance.'"

"Wot's the matter with this?" asks Black Jack.

"Nothin'," says Joe, 'only the school I attends when I'm a kid teaches manners instead of sharp-shootin', which same system seems to have been reversed where you're brought up. Now if you will be so kind,' says Joe, bowin' low, 'you will step this way.'"

"Wot do you mean?" stammers Black Jack.

"I mean," says Joe, cool as a mint julip, 'that this affair is goin' to be breast to breast.'"

"For a moment Black Jack looks at him in surprise, then swallows several times an' hangs his head."

"If he don't except he knows it's his finish in the cow country, an' likewise it's the same if he does, fur even a tenderfoot like Joe can't miss at that range. Black Jack is a bad man, with more than one notch in his gun, but he don't care run his brand on the little slick-ear that's standin' there in the middle of the room, even if his horns ain't out of the velvet. He looks around at the crowd, then seem' it ain't to use he shoves his gun in his pocket, an' goes over an' gets his hat. As he does this, Tompson gives a hiss, an' though you can see it hurts he never turns."

"Black Jack Tetlow is a gambler," says the judge, as we arose and pushed our chairs against the wall, 'but he lets a tenderfoot make him lay down a cinch.'"

ANIMALS LIKE CAKE.

Dogs and Horses, Once Accustomed to Sweet Food, Evince Great Fondness for It.

Comes into a bakery a small girl, followed and attended by a fine, big dog with a coat of long, silky hair and tail fringed with the same; and as the little girl is making her purchase the dog stands near her, waving its tail slowly and gently.

The girl gets the bag of rolls she has come for and turns to go; and at this critical moment the dog, its tail waving now a little more vigorously, looks up at the baker. And the baker responds promptly; he places in the dog's mouth a cake, and, swallowing that, the dog turns now and lopes off after the small girl.

"All dogs like cake," said the baker, in answer to an inquiry, "or at least all dogs brought up in the house, which are likely to be pampered and fed more or less on cake and other sweet stuff, and they come to like it

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow:

Fair.

THE EVENING NEWS.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 90 degrees.

VOLUME 3

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, MONDAY EVENING, JULY 23, 1906

NUMBER 104

REVIVAL GROWS IN INTEREST

Big Day at the Tabernacle---Tremendous Crowd Sunday Night.

The Sunday schools over the city held their services a half hour earlier Sunday, in order that preaching might begin at 10:30.

A good size crowd came out in spite of the uncomfortably hot weather, and they were well paid for their coming.

"Brethren if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." This is the text upon which Rev. Oliver preached a very powerful sermon. "The spirit of the text is Christian helpfulness to one another. Being overtaken in a fault is seldom more than the besetting sin of life. What is it that has hindered you from living close to God? Mr. Oliver appealed to the people of God to make the day one of heart searching and heart rendering. "Oh! for men with character enough to repudiate sin wherever found. He pictured the pitiable but common spectacle of a man or boy going down the street, crazed with drink, reeling from one side to another, defaming the name of God and polluting his lips with vileness and wicked utterance. Men will laugh much and some will find joy in making fun and jesting. Such a sight should burden our souls, and in the spirit of the text the children of God should seek to restore this one overtaken in a fault.

"If the people of God could only realize the value of human souls in the sight of God, there would be a great searching for the lost in this town."

Here Bro. Oliver told a story of a doomed ship, and of how the Captain was the master of the situation; getting all on board life boats and safe. "Let us realize that we are in life boats to rescue perishing men and women, if our neighbor has a mill stone, or a besetting sin about his life let us restore such a one to a place of safety. It is necessary that the people of God get a proper conception of lost souls.

At this point Bro. Oliver condemned the church people of Ada for being so indifferent and for failure to do personal work. "The lost expects the saved to be interested in them. The Evangelist reminded the congregation that the Philosophy of his evangelistic work differed from others in that he asked Christians to go after sinners, not asking the sinners to come. "When I have left town, I want men to be able to point to others and say 'that that man led me to Christ.' Such a condition would serve to constrain those newly converted to live correctly not only before their spiritual benefactors but before their God. "You will be able to lead the business men of this town to Christ when your business men go after them. You will be able to lead the professional men to Christ when you professional men go after them.

It is ridiculous to hear little "one-horse" business men say: 'I am too busy to go to church.' I haven't time to be religious! Which is the most important, selling groceries or bringing souls to Christ?" Bro. Oliver told of the great merchant, Wannamaker's devotion to his church and great Christian duty. "Let me convince you that

a business man can be religious if he wants to. He can go to church if he wants to. It is your business to say: 'By the grace of God, if I can be of any help to you at any time, let me know.

Bro. Oliver said that we give up fallen men and women too quickly. "You will brush by a fallen girl and ignore her but will let the hound who wrought her ruin come into your home and take your daughter out driving. I have more respect for the fallen girl, than he who caused her ruin. If you know of a fallen girl it is your duty to restore her. If you know of a man who is overtaken with drink, restore him.

"It is a great privilege to lead a soul to Christ." Pres. Harrison said the greatest honor that he ever enjoyed was the leading of a young man to Christ. If the President of the United States has time to do personal work and considers it a privilege, how much more should we consider that the time spent in leading souls to Christ is an admirable privilege.

"Tonight my text is found in Jer. 2: 19. 'Thine own wickedness shall correct thee and thy backslidings shall reprove thee; know therefore and see that it is an evil thing and bitter that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord, God of hosts.'

"Some men say that it is impossible to backslide. This is a mistake, for 900 references are given to the sin of backsliding. I am positive that God is not going to mention a thing 800 or more times unless it is worth our notice. You can find men and women in every church who are given to the sin of backsliding. Every man who believes in Jesus Christ can live the life of godliness. If he fails it is his own fault. Christian life means warfare. Go forward to fight the foe. God is never defeated. He has led us into battle that we might get the blessing. Loved ones have been lost, but it is easy to give them up if they are ready to meet God, but there are people all over this country who are shipwrecked and are going down to death. Do not get discouraged with the battle of life. Be a good soldier upon the battlefield. No man can claim to be justified in turning away from the way of righteousness. Stay close to your God.

If you go to following Him afar off the Devil will lead you into the brush. Keep your eye on the Son of God."

Here Bro. Oliver condemned the playing of cards in the home. "I would just as soon place in the hands of my little girl a kit of burglar's tools as I would to put cards in her hands. If you are not going to live a clean life do not get into the church.

"The Lord Jesus Christ will lead His sheep by still waters, but some people are not satisfied and want to back out and get with the goats. God's children are the sheep and the others are goats."

Mr. Oliver compared the labors of some preachers to the fellow to hired himself out to herd sheep and ran himself down trying to pen the jackrabbits,

thinking they were lambs.

"There are too many jackrabbits in the churches and not enough lambs.

"Every decent man will line up for God and prohibition. Got to have liquor? I say no. Let us bring Oklahoma into the Union a clean state. It will be happiness for this country when the whisky business is cut out. I have more respect for a devil in hell than a whelp who will sell liquor. Send deliverance to this people, O Christ! Let them grow in grace."

He told of the church member whose experience was written out, put away and eaten by rats.

"Many people's experience is eaten by the rats. Keep them in your heart instead of your dresser drawer. Have to have fresh ones every day. What are you doing today? Are you nearer heaven or are you one day nearer hell than ever before. Line up tonight and show yourself men of character."

"Backsliding means, when a man comes out and professes to be a Christian and promises to serve God from this day forward and then going from that place and taking upon his lips profanity. He has lost his touch with God and man. It is serious to make a vow and then break it. When a man promises God that he will be true, and will live a Christian life, he ought to die trying to keep his promise.

"Refuse to sell at any price! Are you going to make a 5c church member? Christianity is worth too much for us to play with it. Your destiny ought to be your highest aim in life. I love a man who cannot be bought.

"The backslider is too busy to go to church. If he loves his booze he joins the Elks. Every Wednesday night when he ought to have his wife and children with him at prayer meeting he

is sneaking off to some lodge."

Speaking of smoking cigarettes, Mr. Oliver said: "Girls, I had just as soon walk up the street with a pole-cat as a young buck smoking a cigarette. A cigarette is a piece of fire at one end and a fool at the other. He wouldn't bring 5c at auction.

"We want men who stand for the protection of the girls of our country. Give us men who stand for God. Men of character. The saddest of sights is to see a sweet, innocent girl standing at the marriage altar with a man who has no character.

"Parents should be careful who they let their sons and daughters get mixed up in these love affairs with. If the man you marry won't line up and be true to God, you have no guarantee that he will be true to you. If the devil runs the matrimonial affairs much longer he will be issuing marriage licenses with divorce coupons attached. God has given us the opportunity to quit our sins. The latch hangs on the outside of the door; pull the string, God will receive you and give you the blessings you need tonight."

Tabernacle Announcement.

There will be a great meeting for women only, Saturday at three o'clock.

Next Sunday afternoon at 3:00 there will be service for men only. A special lecture for men, you will be admitted by ticket but the ticket will be free.

The men of the town are required to close up there business houses for one hour four days in the week, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday from 10:00 to 11:00 o'clock.

Cupid flour, best on earth at Walsh's No. 17. 95-1f

COMMITTEES CONFER ON COTTON WARE HOUSE

In accordance with the appointment made two weeks ago the committees of nine each, commissioned respectively by the Farmers Union and by the Ada Commercial club, met Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock in Ada to confer upon the project to build in this city a large farmers cotton warehouse.

T. J. Chambliss was chosen chairman of the conference and J. W. Dean secretary. It has been published in the News the general nature of the enterprise but not until Saturday was it clearly indicated what the farmers expected of the citizens of Ada. After some desultory discussion it was made clear that the Union wishes Ada to donate the necessary ground and the Union will erect the building. All present seemed to think this a fair and equitable apportionment of the cost, and the Union's committee was given every assurance within the power of the club committee. The latter will report back to the Commercial club Tuesday night. It is confidently expected that body will promptly respond to the demand and have a suitable building site selected next week.

Quick action is necessary for the warehouse will be needed by Sept. 1. The District Union will convene at Egypt next Saturday at which time it expects to make definite plans for the construction. The club by all means should take hold of the enterprise vigorously and before Saturday have a choice of suitable sites to offer our farmers.

Roff Reunion Closes.

Saturday afternoon the great three days reunion of old soldiers at Roff came to a close. From beginning to end it was a brilliant success. An average of 4000 visitors were in attendance each day, and every one was fed lavishly.

Friday the speakers were Hon. R. L. Williams, of Durant, Hon. T. P. Gore, of Lawton, Hon. Henry M. Furman, of Ada and Hon. C. A. Skeen, of Wapukucka. All made good addresses and were heartily received.

Saturday the crowd was highly entertained with speeches by Hon. Claude Weaver, of Pauls Valley, Hon. E. J. Giddings, of Oklahoma City, Hon. W. M. Franklin, of Madill and Hon. T. D. McKeown, of Ada. Gen. Whit Hyden, of the Chickashaw Brigade, and Gen. Otis B. Weaver, commander of I. T. Sons of Veterans, each in turn acted in the capacity of master of ceremonies.

Throughout the three days program the Roff band furnished superb music, which greatly enhanced the pleasure of the occasion.

Before the close Saturday Otis B. Weaver offered an appropriate resolution—which was adopted with enthusiasm—heartily thanking the citizens of Roff for their unrivaled hospitality.

Each day there was an exciting ball game between the Ada and Roff teams. Thursday the score was 8 to 5 in Ada's favor; Friday, 3 to 2 in favor of Roff; Saturday Ada won again, 7 to 6.



WE ARE NOW

Turning out the finest ice cream in this section of country. It is a home product, even the ice that freezes it. When these conditions are facts why not use home manufactured cream?

CRYSTAL ICE CREAM COMPANY



A WOMAN'S DELIGHT

is always expressed if she is pleased. Let her visit our drug store and see the elegant line of PERFUMES, TOILET SOAPS AND WATER

we carry, and she will be more than delighted.

We also carry a line of fine candies in boxes.

G. M. RAMSEY, Druggist. (Successor to Clark Drug Co.)

A Timely Suggestion

To Property Owners and Mortgagees:

Tornadoes and wind-storms have destroyed millions of dollars worth of property. In a few moments the savings of a lifetime disappear. Your property, or that held in trust by you, may at any time be similarly damaged or destroyed.

How would you be affected by such a loss? Are you insured?

A liberal form of contract protecting you in such an emergency can be had at low rates of premium from

OTIS B. WEAVER,
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.

PAUL W. ALLEN,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Horses Boarded by Day or Week.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.

Allen Livery Barn

South Townsend Ave.,

Phone 64.

Patronize Home Industry

By Buying Ice From

Ada Ice and Fuel Co.

Keep Your Money at Home.

We Handle the Best Grades of Coal.

Phone 249.

Office at Ice Plant.

OTIS B. WEAVER

Continues in the Real Estate Business

And will give careful and energetic attention to all business entrusted. He has some very bargains in Ada real estate. Manager for beautiful Sunrise Addition. Office headquarters for prospectors

Weaver Building. :: 12th and Broadway.

OVERDRAFTS

It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the comptroller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this, it matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafts grew out of advancing on moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.

Ada National Bank

Capital and Surplus, \$63,500.

Ada, Ind. Ter



TWO CORNERS OF THE NEWS OFFICE

Ada Evening News

OTIS B. WEAVER, PUBLISHER
M. D. STEINER, BUSINESS MGR.

Entered as second-class mail matter March 26, 1904, at the post office at Ada, Indian Territory under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates on application.

THAT MOTLEY CONVENTION.

Last Thursday's News contained a signed article by a citizen of Ada in which the 16th District Republican Convention was severely arraigned because of the intimate commingling of the whites and blacks noticeable thereat. Several republicans have taken deep offence at the writup.

The News has no apologies to offer. The public may understand this paper will publish any pay signed article offered, provided same outrages neither law nor good morals. However fierce the political turmoil might become, we had hoped to continue pleasant business and social relations with those of opposite party affiliation who have heretofore been our friends.

The constitution guarantees the negro political equality with the white man. That this sweeping concession to the black race was a monumental blunder is now admitted by the best American thought, regardless of party sympathies. However it is law, and Republicans are at liberty to court the affiliation of negroes in the party councils.

Social equality and amalgamation of the races is not guaranteed by the constitution; it cannot be; and it will never be! The suggestion of such equality is resented by not only all self-respecting whites but also by self-respecting negroes.

So regardless of political prejudice or rivalry, any conduct of political organizations which tends to encourage the leveling down process and to obliterate the racial distinctions is deeply to be deplored and is justly regarded with indignation by the community.

The full fraternization of the races in last week's convention was resented and denounced by republicans themselves, both from the North and from the South; some refused to participate in the proceedings because of it. Intimate contact with the negro race is really desired no more by respectable northern people than it is by southerners; no more by Republicans than by Democrats. Sensible negroes know it. Yet many a negro would sign away his vote for life for a Republican white man's hypocritical hug.

UGHT to hurry up with that sewerage. The people want to vote it and build it this fall.

ADA's baseball team is all right. Of course they will handle the Boston Bloomers tenderly Tuesday; but they will not be so bashful as to get beaten.

The big revival grows apace. The great tabernacle is filling up. It is revivifying the community morally and spiritually. It stands for a cleaner, greater city.

AFTER the next presidential election Bryan and Roosevelt may swap jobs. Roosevelt will essay the trip triumphant around the world while Bryan will have to stay at home and devote himself to the duties of the White House.

Cool Receptions.

The late James E. Scripps, the eminent Journalist of Detroit, once rose to address a rather cold and stiff audience in a reformed Episcopal church.

Mr. Scripps took his hearers to task for their coldness in a goodhumored way. "Don't be like the flock of a young minister I know," he said.

"This young minister went to great pains to get up an evening's entertainment. The entertainment came off duly. There was a magic lantern, there were recitations and singing, and, by the minister himself, Shakespearean selections.

"The next morning, on the way to the postoffice, the minister met his oldest and most prominent deacon.

"Well deacon Jones," he said, "what did you think of the entertainment last night? And my Shakespearean recitations—did the people like them?"

"Why-er-yes, sir, seem'ly," the deacon answered. "I hain't heard no complaints."

The "Boston Bloomers," ladies champion base ball club, will play the local team of this city on Tuesday, July 24. This will be a most interesting and exciting contest and it is predicted that the Boston Bloomers will have the largest attendance ever seen at a ball game in this city. The Boston Bloomers comprise a team of lady athletes who know how to play base ball and are perfect ladies in every respect. This will be the event of the season and our local base ball management should be congratulated on securing such a truly novel attraction.

104-11

Accept no Substitute.

There is nothing just as good for Malaria, Chills and Fever as Dr. Mendenhall's Chill and Fever cure. Take it as general tonic and at all times in place of quinine. If it fails to give satisfaction G. M. Ramsey, drug Co. will refund your money.

Shallow Remorse.

"Remorse" said Mayor Walls of St. Louis, "is an excellent thing when deep enough. The trouble with most wrong doers, when remorse overtakes them, is that the emotion is feeble and shallow."

"The average type of remorse was that of a pickpocket who sent last year this note to a man whom he had robbed of \$100:

"Dear Sir: I stole your money. Remorse gnaws my conscience, and I return herewith \$1.50."

STRANGE SAVAGE CUSTOM

Weird Tribal Ceremony of the Natives of the Anglo-Abyssinian Boundary.

Some remarkable tribal customs are reported by an expedition sent into the comparatively unknown countries between the Abyssinian capital and the northwest of Lake Rudolf, in the neighborhood of the Anglo-Abyssinian boundary.

While the expedition was fitting out at Maji, the Abyssinian post in the southwest, the local Shannaki king died. He was sewn up in a fresh hide bag in a sitting position and placed on the floor of his hut, which stood in a clearing in the forest, and from miles around his subjects came to the lying in state.

The ground of the clearing was of hard beaten clay. All round were thick rows of huge "gogo" palms, and on one side four spacious, well thatched huts and a curious mound, probably sacrificial. By the side of the huts thousands of cow bells, sweet in tone as those in a Swiss upland valley, were hung on rude trellises and swung backwards and forwards by bands of women under the direction of an old witch.

The hard, level flooring of the clearing shook under the feet of hundreds of naked warriors, chanting a wild song of death, now advancing in a rhythmic rush, now retreating and leaving two of their number in the open, who, with their 12-foot spears held horizontally just over their shoulders, the shafts quivering like a snake before it strikes, danced a wild war dance, keeping time to the chant of the chorus.

When the din grew louder the crowd surged round the dead king's hut, suddenly parted, and through the lane thus formed dashed a gleaming figure, adorned with a leopard skin, orange colored ostrich feathers, beads, and bands of copper and brass and ivory round his neck and arms.

Three times he rushed round the clearing, followed by the shouting, singing warriors, and then disappeared as quickly as he had come. The new king had been chosen.

opium in cigarettes when tobacco is cheaper than opium?

"It's the same way in my business. I can turn out bonbons in any shade you want—from the greenest of God's green grass to the pinkest pink of a hunting coat, and do it all without the aid of any ingredients but pure vegetable colorings.

"I have no patience with those pure food advocates when they come nosing around the candy business. Few of them know what they are talking about and the others have taken a few sporadic cases of children poisoned or merely made ill by overindulgence in cheap candies and condemn the lot of us.

"The candy business demands an artist these days, when you have to make displays of form and coloring to keep in the forefront of the business."

Compensation.

"I am sorry," said the doctor, "but your little girl will not be able to speak for several days." "Then it will be safe," said the anxious mother, "for me to invite the minister to tea, won't it?"—Sketch.

Changed Her Mind.

Stella—I thought you said you would never marry a man with red hair.

May—I thought I wouldn't at the time, but he afterward proposed.—Detroit Free Press.

"Scotch" in "Commons."

There is always a bountiful supply of Scotch whiskey provided for the British house of commons. There are 670 members and the huge vat which holds their whiskey contains 800 gallons, specially distilled for them. The contents of the vat are never permitted to fall below a certain level. It is refilled two or three times during every parliamentary session.

MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS

Safe and reliable, they overcome weakness, increase vigor, banish pain. No remedy equals D. L. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS. Sold by Druggists and by M. A. Chaudron Co., Cleveland, O.

FRISCO SYSTEM TIME CARD.

EAST BOUND TRAINS.
No. 510 Meteor, 4:48 p. m.
No. 512 Eastern Exp., 9:45 a. m.
No. 542 Local Freight, 8:45 p. m.
WEST BOUND TRAINS.
No. 509 Meteor, 8:58 a. m.
No. 511 Texas Pass, 7:15 p. m.
No. 541 Local Freight, 7:45 a. m.
Local freight trains carry passengers provided with permits. Ten per cent saved on the purchase of round trip tickets.
L. McNair, Agent.

AMERICAN ARTISTS ABROAD

Their Merit Recognized and Rewarded Earlier Than It Is at Home.

Once more an American artist's picture holds the place of honor at the exhibition of the Royal Academy in London. Sargent had attained that honor; now it is Abbey's turn, with a picture distinctly American in subject, representing Columbus landing in the new world. Several other well-known American artists figure among the notable exhibitors. In the two annual picture shows now open in Paris, the same fact is true, reports the New York World.

American artists frequently complain, as do singers and musicians, that the surest way to distinction at home is recognition abroad. The protest implies that merit is not so readily accepted here as merit is in France and England.

The distinction attained by Sargent in London has done more than all his early successors in this country to assure his preeminence. The same may be said to be true of Abbey, although fame came to him easy as an illustrator. Something may be due to the circumstance that for years both have done most of their work abroad. Beyond a doubt, however, art is viewed far more hospitably in Paris and London than in New York. We have yet no art exhibitions that occupy so large a place in popular life as the regular shows of the two foreign capitals.

It is noteworthy also that more contemporary American artists have room in the Luxembourg museum, where living painters must await admission to the Louvre, than in our own Metropolitan. The Paris list counts about 25, among them Whistler, Sargent, Winslow Homer, La Farge, Alexander Harrison, Henry Mosler, Walter MacEwen, Carl Melchers, Miss Cassatt, Edwin L. Weeks and H. O. Tanner.

Under the old management American artists were treated with suspicion at the Metropolitan. It was sometimes difficult to get their works through the museum's doors even as gifts.

Fortunate, all that is being rapidly changed. Sir Purdon Clarke advocates the necessity of building up a representative American collection. Mr. George A. Heern has donated a large fund, of which the income is reserved for the purchase of American works. It is a curious commentary on American taste that it was not until a foreign director was put in charge of the Metropolitan that American artists were promised something of the same public recognition they receive from the French government.

TURKEY WITH WOODEN LEG

Tale of a Gobbler That Smacks Something of the Munchausen Flavor.

In most communities there are certain persons who possess peculiar characteristics, habits and beliefs, and this is true of the "long shore sportsman of the old Mother State as of persons dwelling elsewhere, says Forest and Stream.

Many of the old time sportsmen still carry and use their muzzle loading guns, which cannot be displaced by more modern arms. They usually manage to bag a good many birds and other game, and this is chiefly due, it is believed, to their knowledge of the habits of the game. They seldom go out without finding something.

A story is told of one runner who if any of the shot should fall from his hands while loading his gun will at once return home and make no further effort to hunt that day, believing as he says, that those lost were his luck shot, and it would be useless for him to continue the hunt.

Another, whom I will call here Capt. Pete, is a sailor and all round sportsman. He loves to tell of his adventures with his dogs and gun, and is seldom seen without them. He tells many stories about the accuracy of Sweet Lips, his gun, and declares he can beat any man "a-shootin' for a turkey in the United States of Virginny."

On the occasion of a turkey hunt near the Rappahannock river Capt. Pete claims to have shot a 40-pound wild turkey, for which he was offered \$4 cash. The gray whiskers on the turkey's breast were 18 inches long, and he had one wooden leg. Here Capt. Pete gives a hugh that could be heard a half mile away. "Sar, he was the biggest turkey I ever saw. There were 18 fellows in the bunch of us, and four others besides, and all ate a sumptuous meal from one-half of his breast."

Uncle Pete says he cannot account for that one wooden leg unless that turkey had been previously owned by some one as a pet wild turkey.

Natural Arm Chair.

A gardener in Korea has formed a natural arm-chair by twisting a growing vine to the required shape. It is also studded with seeds of the ginkgo tree, which have grown into the fibres of the vine. After the chair was fashioned in this way it was cut from the ground, dried and polished until it resembled mahogany. It is 3 feet 4 inches high, 25 inches wide and weighs over 100 pounds.

Banquet in a Coal Mine.

Lord Northcote, governor general of Australia, was entertained to a banquet in a coal mine at Newcastle, New South Wales. The banquet hall was 300 feet below the surface.

No Student of Shakespeare.

"What is your favorite play?" asked the girl who quoted Shakespeare. "Well," answered the youth with long hair, "I believe I like to see a man steal second as well as anything."—Washington Star.

MIGRATION OF WILD GEESSE

How the Old Leader of a Flock Gathers It and Starts on Its Journey.

At the end of March or during the first week in April all the gray geese in the Outer Hebrides collect in one place before taking their departure for their nesting haunts within the Arctic circle.

To estimate their numbers is impossible, and to behold this vast concourse of geese as one of the sights of a lifetime. The vast host of birds stands packed together in a huge phalanx till the king of the graylegs starts the flight. As the old leader ascends a hundred thousand voices salute him, but none stir till from overhead he gives the call for his subjects to follow him.

Some fifty birds rise in the air and follow him, and as they go gradually assume the wedge-like formation, with three single birds in a string at the apex of the triangle, and in a few minutes are out of sight. When they have been fairly started the king returns, and after a few minutes rest he rises into the air again, and the same process is gone through before he leads off another batch.

Again and again he returns until all are gone but 300 old veterans, which rise to meet him in the air as he flies back to them. Then, with their sovereign at their head, these also wing their way toward the pole not to return until the following October.

MEASURING DEPTH OF AIR

Atmospheric Envelope of Earth Determined by Interesting Scientific Observation.

One hundred and 31 miles is the height of the atmosphere as measured by Prof. T. J. J. See, who determines the thickness of the air envelope by noting the difference between the time of sunset and the complete disappearance of blue from the sky. The moment at which the blue changes into black can be observed quite easily with approximate certainty by the naked eye when the air is clear; and by trigonometry may be ascertained the distance below the horizon of the sun at the moment of change. By this means may be calculated the height of the smallest illuminated particles of oxygen and nitrogen which give to the sky its blueness of tint by the reflection of the smallest wave lengths of the sun's light. The instant of change from blue to black is possibly a little difficult of exact observation, but the method is not more doubtful than that based in the observation of shooting stars. The shooting star method gives a result not greatly differing from the vanishing blue method. The former gives the height of the atmosphere at 109 miles.

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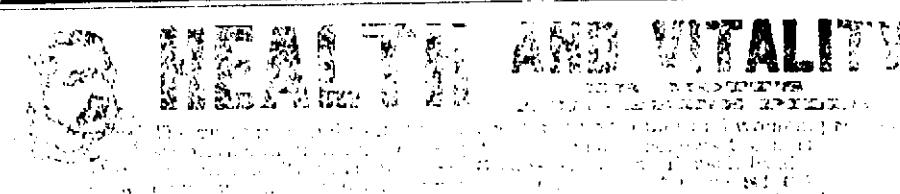
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See Us About It

LOCAL NEWS

Gale Statler of Jessie is in town today.
Cupid flour at No. 17. Guaranteed the best. 95-tf
B. E. Sattlefered, of Honey Grove, Texas is in the city.
Walsh handles the White Swan canned goods. Phone 17. 95-tf
H. L. Byrne of Blossom, Texas is visiting his niece Mrs. H. B. Roach.
If you want the White Swan canned goods, phone us. M. L. Walsh. 95-tf
Quite a number of Adaites went to Shawnee on the excursion Sunday.
R. H. Gambler went to Lexington today to visit home folks.
M. L. Walsh will furnish you with the White Swan brand. Phone 17. 95-tf

Lost.—A sold gold watch charm with hook on it. Liberal reward.
104-2t
Fred Seibert.
FOR RENT.—Good office rooms on Main street. Little Bros. 104-tf

Miss Mary Houghton visited her sister, Mrs. J. B. Emory, at Shawnee Sunday.

Art and Cricket Adair and Ophelia Warren returned from a ten days visit at Wetumka.

Mrs. H. A. Cunningham of Dallas, is the guest of her brother Mr. H. B. Roach on 10th street.

Miss Leone Ham, of Weatherford, Texas, is the guest of her sisters, Miss Cora Ham and Mrs. A. M. McKoy.

Dock Couch, Jesse Warren, Misses Warrens and Nannie Couch spent Sunday at Jackford and the Rockersher.

Five room house to rent on 16th street. \$9. per month. H. C. Thompson, over Ada Nat'l Bank 100-4t

L. D. Gordon and H. B. Church, of Jefferson City, Mo., friends of Atty. C. H. Ennis of this city are here prospecting.

Mrs. Margaret Hoover and little daughter, of Eureka, Kansas, are the guests of Mrs. Jno. Beard and Mrs. Dr. Brownall.

Mrs. C. P. Bruce of Paul's Valley, Miss Inez Stewart of Ardmore, and Miss Chloe Roff of Roff, are the guests of Mrs. S. M. Torbett.

Mr. E. G. Martin, of Gainesville, Ky. and daughters, Mrs. N. O. Brite and Mrs. Will Stark, of Bowling Green are visiting their son and brother, Dr. S. J. Martin on 14th street.

Mrs. F. M. Allen and son, Jno. Skilman, came in Sunday from Denton, Texas, the guests of her brother-in-law Paul Allen on West 13th street

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Sparger and their daughters, Misses Irene and Blanche and Miss Lula Burney, of Bonham, went to Sulphur Saturday evening

The person who took a song book from the tabernacle belonging to the man whose name appears in the cover, will please return same this evening and leave it in the seat he took it from. Thank you. 104-1t

Miss Mamie Burris, accomplished daughter of Judge Burris, a Chickasaw citizen of McGee, is the guest of Mrs. W. A. Alexander. She has been attending Columbia University in Washington, D. C. for several years and returns there in September to teach art.

A. N. Harrison, of Terrel, Texas accompanied by his family came in Sunday and will reside here permanently. He expects to eventually engage in the civil service business. Mr. Harrison was a reader of the News at his Texas home and called to have his paper transferred. We are always glad to welcome Texas citizens to Ada.

We guarantee our Cupid flour. No. 17. Walsh. 95-tf

The "Boston Bloomers," ladies champion base ball club, will play the local team of this city on Tuesday, July 24. This will be a most interesting and exciting contest and it is predicted that Boston Bloomers will have the largest attendance ever seen at a ball game in this city. The Boston Bloomers comprise a team of lady athletes who know how to play base ball and are perfect ladies in every respect. This will be the event of the season and our local base ball management should be congratulated on securing such a truly novel attraction. 104-1t

Do You Need Shoes?

If you want a pair of Shoes that combine style, elegance and individuality with the best leather and excellent workmanship, why not try ours? You will be satisfied with your selection. The latest correct styles for men, women and children

CHAPMAN
The Shoe Man.

Good Man Endorsed.

The News is pleased beyond measure to note the announcement that Mr. W. W. Barnett of Allen is the unanimous choice of the democrats of that town for delegate to the constitutional convention for the District which may include the town of Allen.

Mr. Barnett is a farmer, and an honest and intelligent gentleman. Who could represent a constituency better in a constitutional convention?

Here is what Mr. Barnett's neighbor democrats think of his candidacy.

Endorsement of W. W. Barnett.

Whereas our fellow citizen, W. W. Barnett, has made known his intention of becoming a candidate to the Constitutional Convention and, whereas he is widely known to be a citizen of sterling worth, unimpeachable honor, and steadfast integrity, and whereas, we believe that he will honestly represent the conditions and needs of the district from which he will, if elected, be sent and, whereas, we deem him the most suitable of all known aspirants for the Conventional honors; Therefore,

Be it resolved, that we, the Democratic Club of Allen, I. T., in session assembled, do heartily sustain, and endorse his candidacy for said office of Delegate to the Constitutional Convention. This July 16, 1906.

B. F. Cunningham, Pres.
O. W. Ross, Secretary.

Remember the Game.

The original "Boston Bloomers, Ladies Base Ball Club," who are making an extensive tour of this country, traveling in their own special private car, will play a most novel, interesting and exciting game of ball with our local team on Thursday, July 24. They have caused thousands to applaud and marvel at their wonderful playing, and are without doubt the greatest club of lady base ball players ever organized. Their remarkable success during the short time they have been in this section is only a continuation of the success they have met with everywhere. Ladies can attend this game without any fear of being offended, as nothing will be said or done that would shock the most fastidious. The ball grounds will be enclosed with a canvas fence 14 feet high and a covered grand stand will also be erected. Game called at 3:00 p. m. Admission 50 cents. Grand stand extra. You will be greatly disappointed if you fail to see them. 104-1t

Jumbled Reasoning.

Upton Sinclair, the famous young novelist, was talking at Princeton about America's more notorious and vicious corporations.

"The men who own these corporations don't regard themselves," he said, "as scoundrels, as vile and pitiless scoundrels. Somehow they deceive themselves into thinking that they are good business men, public benefactors who put bread into the mouths of thousands of poor folk."

"Their reasoning is altogether jumbled, illogical, idiotic, unconvincing. It is like the reasoning of the boy with the toothache."

"This boy, beside himself with toothache, muttered, as he started for the dentist's office with his hands to his cheek:

"Maybe it'll ease up some by the time I get in the chair. If it does I'll pretend I want a haircut."

SHOT IN BACK.

Hugh Maxwell accused of Selling liquor at Railroad Camp.

Saturday night Deputy Brent's arrested Hugh Maxwell three miles west of town who had been shot over the shoulder blade by Mr. McAdams, a contractor on the Oklahoma Central near town. The wound is slight. Mr. Brents says Maxwell was peddling whiskey in the camp and when pursued by McAdams he took to the woods but was fired on by the contractor. Both parties are here awaiting the examining trial.

BOOT LEGGER.

Jno. Sullivan Arrested at Francis by Marshall Skinner,

City Marshall, R. J. Skinner of Francis came in this morning having in custody Jno. Sullivan, whom he had arrested at Francis Saturday evening. The examining trial is being held today. Dave Patterson, J. A. Sutton and Grant Scroggin are here as witnesses.

Young Peoples Meeting.

Nearly 250 children heard Bro. Oliver's talk at the Young People's meeting. Space forbids us giving even a meagre account of the service. He impressed on his hearers the importance of early training of the children. "If they are old enough to go to school they are old enough to be trained in the service of God."

The life germ is formed the first seven years of a child's life, therefore it is important to train the children early in the service of God."

This service was a helpful one. The children were awakened to the responsibility of parents in the home and of consistency therein.

Frisco.

Summer tourist rates to points in the Southwest. Rate, one and one-fifth fare for round trip. Tickets on sale June 1st to September 30th. Final limit October 31st, 1906. This rate applies to many points in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia. Call and get particulars.

I. McNair, Agent.
Ada, I. T.

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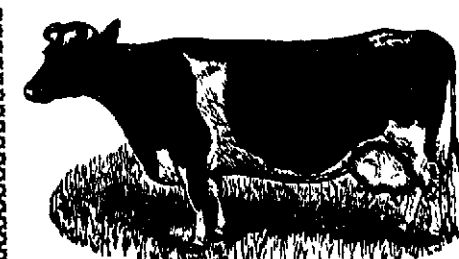
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Where You Save Money on Everything.

A full car load of Crockery landed in the Nickel Store a few days since. In this lot there are a lot of things you will be interested in; may be not because of what they are, but because you can buy them so cheap.

Milk Pans or Crock 6c 1 gal. 12c

Milk Pans or 12c Crock, 2 gal. 12c

Tall Jars, up to and including 6 gallon sizes, cost you 6c per gallon. You will find the tall jars particularly nice for putting up your pickles, etc.

Come here for your Fruit Jars. Fruit Jars, Ball Mason patent, with tops and rubbers, 1 gallon size, 85c dozen.

Extra Rubbers for fruit jars, 5c dozen.

Extra Tops with Rubbers, 25c dozen

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Don't fail to try our nice fresh Candies. We are sole agents for the "Red Band Brand" candies of New York City manufacture, a factory that makes 20 tons of fine Candy a day. Coconut Bon Bons and Chocolates per pound 12c.

Our Stationery Department

This is, has been and will be one of the most successful in the store. We sell pens, ink, mucilage, glue, composition books, ledgers, journals, day books, tablets both for pencil and ink, ruled and unruled. 5c.

We also in this department keep slates, slate pencils, school boxes and school supplies.

Novels

A complete, always up-to-date line of novels, standard authors, 10c.

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S. M. Shaw, Prop New location on Main street third door west of Rollow's corner.

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The Intensely Practical Poet.

BY J. LOUIS ENGDAHL.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"Now, if you could only write poetry."

"Poetry be—I beg your pardon, but do you know that I think you are very foolish?" and Harry Furber shrugged his shoulders, jabbed his hands into his pockets, and thought the question decided.

"I wish I could get you to appreciate the artistic. It is a great thing to love art."

"My goodness, I love you, and that is enough for me. I can go to the theater and pick a good play every time I see one. At the exhibit, I can admire the best pictures. I like beautiful singing. I can read a good story or a good book, but poetry—and you now want me to write some."

"You are too intensely practical."

"And you don't like intensely practical people?"

"They are very nice to have around."

"Then I may come around as usual, you won't deny me that?"

"Oh, no; you are always welcome."

Then Furber took his leave. As he went down the steps of the Koessler mansion, he met Robert Phelan, but he did not look at him. Phelan was a poet.

They had been at Harvard together. Both had very indulgent fathers.

Phelan had written poetry for the "Monthly," and in his senior year had been chosen to be its literary editor.

After graduating he had still continued to write poetry, and once his contribution had been accepted by an eastern magazine.

Furber had been a little of everything in college, and in the end had turned out to be not much of anything.

He had made many friends, had a good time, managed to get a diploma, and, he asked, "What more could anyone want?"

Immediately after graduation, Furber, the elder, had taken his son into his office, intent on teaching him the grain business.

Furber was a name much known on "change in Chicago. Harry Furber was appointed to be one of the representatives of the firm in the pit, and he had soon learned to bid in on the wheat with the best of them.

But Ruth Koessler was his stumbling block, and Phelan, the poet, was the hard thing he bumped against every time he stumbled. Together, Furber and Phelan had begun to call upon Ruth.

Ruth said she liked both of them, but she had gradually developed a sense for the artistic, and Furber was not artistic, but Phelan was a poet, and so he must be artistic.

He could talk all about ancient Greece and Rome, and could quote much from the classics.

Furber knew the original source of these lectures, and although he liked to hear Ruth talk, he would not stand for anything that came from his rival.

And now she wanted him to write poetry.

It was the middle of the forenoon, and things had quieted down in the pit. The market was holding steady, and Furber was wondering what effect the war in the east would have on the year's crop.

He walked up out of the pit and sat down in a chair away from the rest of the crowd. He was thinking of Ruth again. He sat and thought of the talk they had had the day before.

Then a smile something akin to the kind he wore when he had done something very well, stole across his face.

He pulled a pad of paper from his pocket, and for half an hour he seemed to be struggling with something in his mind, once in awhile writing down something, and the men in the pit continued to loaf and talk automobiles, and prices in what still held steady.

"Then when the half hour was up, he smiled again, relieved what he had written, and then looked about him.

"Hello, there, Ripley," he called.

"I have got a scheme," Furber said. "I want you to get up there in the pit and introduce me as 'the great and only,' you understand. Then I will get up and speak my piece."

"All right," and Ripley went over to a long, inclined desk, where several men were writing, and spoke a few words to them. Then he came back to the pit and took a position where he could be heard by all.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am about to introduce to you our far-famed, great, and only illustrious friend and co-worker, Furber, the poet," and Ripley stopped to get his breath, and everyone applauded.

"He has composed a poem in your honor—your honor, I say, the honor of all of us," and he stopped again, and there was some more cheering.

"Now, gentlemen, I want you to give your best attention. The show begins right away."

A chair was brought, and Furber, with the sheet of paper in one hand, got up into it, blushing like a little girl making her first appearance at a Sunday-School Christmas tree. Then he began:

There's a bull upon the market,
And the bear is waxing hot;
In the East the Japs are fighting,
In the West the rust is out,
So the bear is waxing hot.

The farmers want high prices,
They all yell for dollars wheat;
So they want the trade with cries
Of Hessian fly and rains of shot,
And the bear keeps waxing hot.

There are many wheat crop killers,
With this bull upon the market,
Yelling bull and blight and frost;
But the Russian bear ain't in it,
With this bear that's always hot.

Then he finished the applause, which broken out in several places, grew ring, for these men of the pit could not, and then some one started a line, and in turn Furber was compelled to make the hand and receive the con-

gratulations of every man in the room. Late that afternoon, Furber took his way leisurely out to the Koessler mansion, and he hoped that she would be at home. He didn't have time to wait for the evening editions to appear on the streets, but he would make her read his poetry out of her own newspaper.

Phelan, coming down the steps as he ascended, was a damper on his feelings, but could not suppress them by any means.

"I am so glad to see you!" cried Ruth, as she opened the door in answer to his ring.

"Nothing artificial about that welcome," thought Furber. Then he managed to have her take him out on the inclosed veranda that overlooked the street. He wanted to get that paper from the carrier as soon as he could. In the meantime they talked.

"I believe I could like intensely practical people," Ruth said, guardedly.

"But they can't write poetry."

"When I was down town this morning, I went over to see what you were doing. I was up in the balcony, and—"

"I never saw you," broke in Furber, and a sickly feeling came over him. He wondered at what time she was up there in the balcony.

"No, but I saw you, and you seemed so excited, just like all the others. I do not know what you were all shouting about, but I knew that you were doing things. Everything seemed on the move."

"Thank you," said Furber, and he felt relieved. "She must have been up there afterwards," he thought.

At that moment the paper carried came around the corner, and in a few minutes Furber was eagerly turning the pages of a copy. Ruth wondered what was the matter with him. Then he dropped the paper and looked out towards the street. He could not look at her.

"Why, what's this?" said Ruth, and he turned.

The paper was lying where it had fallen with the last page upwards. Sure, there it was. He had forgotten to look at the last page.

He picked up the paper and handed it to Ruth. This individual newspaper devoted the last page to special features. It had certainly made a feature of him. There was a write-up with the poem telling all about it and the author, but there was also—

He swore he would jump on that reporter next time he met him—the picture of himself in his running togs at college. It must have been the cut they used that year he ran in the mile. "University athlete goes through wheat pit to become a poet," it said.

But Ruth was devouring it all. "Oh, Harry, how could you do it?" she said at last.

"Easy," and Harry would have hugged that reporter.

Then Ruth got up and went into the house followed by Furber. She got a scissors and carefully clipped the poem from the paper.

"Say, Harry," she said, as she finished, "you can do almost anything, can't you?"

Harry was too much flattered to answer.

"Well—" and Ruth blushed slightly and smiled at him.

"Ruth," and Harry stretched out his arms toward her imploringly.

When they closed, they circled about Ruth, for she was within them.

OLD JAKKEY'S SHOT.

Amusing Story of Gen. Nelson During the Siege at Corinth—His Lucky Shot.

One day during the siege of Corinth Gen. Nelson came to the front to look after things, and especially to see how a favorite battery of artillery was getting along. A party of Confederate sharpshooters had taken refuge in one old house about half a mile to the front of our force, and the artillerymen were directing their guns upon it. He grew very impatient because the house had not yet been struck and rode hastily up to the guns.

"They will pick you off there, general," said our sergeant in a warning voice.

The general snapped out: "Go to the devil, sir; no, darn it, I mean to thank you, sir."

Just then came a long tom with a "zip." The general, hearing the well known sound, jumped off his horse in a rage, caught one of the guns, ran it forward by main strength and aimed it himself, remarking that he would show them how to shoot at him.

As he was aiming our captain said: "A little too high, general," but was not with the ever ready reply, "Go to the devil," and ordered to pull the string.

The ball went crashing through the tree tops, not a hundred yards ahead of us, more in the direction of the sky than the house, says the American Tribune, but it happened that at the same instant one of our other guns was fired, and the ball struck the chimney of the house.

The general, seeing the chimney fall, shouted: "By God, sir, I knew it! It takes me to knock things about them," and rode away, calling back: "Captain, I will call around in the morning and give you practice; I can hit 'em every time."

He did not hear the laugh that followed, but old Jakkey's shot was never forgotten.

Architect Needed Nowadays.

Plumb—Hear about Squigg? He's a successful architect.

Dubb—Architect! Why, he doesn't know the difference between a Greek temple and a dog kennel.

"No; but he can put a six-room apartment where there is only space for a five-room flat."—Columbia Jester.

The Major.

BY CHARLES EDMUND BARKER.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

He was one of the kind of people who come naturally by a nickname.

The major was one of the most methodical of men. Promptly at nine o'clock he came down fresh and pink from breakfast, read his mail in the comfortable seclusion of the writing room, dictated the answers to his letters to the hotel stenographer, lit a fresh cigar at the cigar stand, and then dull business cares were brushed aside and he repaired with sprightly steps to the bar, where he seated himself in a favorite corner and began the serious occupation of the day by ordering a "gentleman's drink of whisky."

Other drinks followed at intervals during the morning, varied in strength and frequency by the character and numbers of the other visitors.

By the hour of noon he had reached a stage of mellowness that developed a rare play of rich and spicy wit.

It was beneath the mahoud of the major to approach the dining-room while in his cups. When six o'clock came, his dinner was served to him at his particular table in the corner of the bar, and the sitting, more often than not, was continued until midnight.

With all his roystering habits, it should not be hastily concluded that the major led an entirely useless or purposeless existence. Many were the tales of his generosity. When "Dab," the old head porter, was laid up with rheumatism, it was the major who visited him in his little hovel of a home on "The West Side," provided for his family and paid his doctor's bill. Then every one knew of his kindly and sympathetic interest when Miss McFee, the old-maid stenographer, took pneumonia and died.

And then the new stenographer came.

She was a lump of a girl, as round as a pigeon, with frank, brown eyes that seemed to challenge respect and civility by their very innocence. Her voice was soft and respectful, and it was an inspiration to see her personal and complete interest in her patrons. Miss Mitchell was her name, and it was kind to keep from becoming confidential with her at the very first interview.

Almost from the first, the sharp observer among the frequenters of the Windsor, noticed that it took the major somewhat longer to dictate his mail to Miss Mitchell than it had to Miss McFee, and, moreover, he did not hurry away to the bar quite so precipitately.

One day in the midst of the letters, Miss Mitchell looked up for an instant at a lady who was passing through the lobby.

"What an exquisite bunch of violets," she said.

"Very pretty," replied the major, following her glance, and then they went on with their work.

The next morning a neighboring florist's boy placed a fine bunch of English beauties in the little bud vase that had been Miss McFee's, on Miss Mitchell's desk, and morning after morning this was repeated.

After the morning dictation during one of the little chats which the major had come to allow himself, Miss Mitchell, one day expressed a very adverse opinion about the men who drank and were "last."

This speech had a marked effect upon the major.

The very next day, after his business routine, the major left a forwarding address with the clerk on duty and registered out. His absence was noticed immediately in the bar, and inquiries were made of the clerk.

A month two months passed, and still the major had not returned to his old corner in the Windsor bar. The only mark of his long residence at the hotel was the little bunch of fresh violets which daily adorned Miss Mitchell's desk.

One day, as unheralded as had been his departure, the major returned to the Windsor. His complexion was whiter and his eyes were clearer, otherwise he was the same old major, careless, lively and jovial.

He dictated his letters to Miss Mitchell as usual the next morning, but it was observed and marked with much special notice that he did not follow his old habit of turning toward the bar immediately thereafter. Instead of this, he stepped into a big automobile that stood at the door, and was away in a trice. He became a devotee of this big machine. A large portion of the day he gave himself to runs and tours. Sometimes he carried a friend or two with him on these excursions; but they were rarely any of his old friends of the bar.

At least once he asked Miss Mitchell to ride with him, but she met the proposal with a cheerful "no, thank you," that left no room for doubt about her decision.

A morning came on which he attended to his correspondence with more than usual care. In addition to the regular grind of business he wrote some long delayed missives to old college friends—dashing, brilliant, unconventional letters they were, full of the boyish spirit which the major still held, notwithstanding his acknowledged 38 years. When he had quite finished, he drew from his pocket an important looking paper.

"Miss Mitchell, I have a very particular matter I wish to speak about—No, you needn't take my words down on paper—I'm not dictating. The fact is—I am—thinking of—well, giving you the chance of dictating some to me, if you think proper."

"Why—what do you mean, Mr. Ebs-

bourne," she asked, her large, heavy lashed eyes looking the utmost wonder.

"It's a very simple matter, Miss Mitchell—at least I used to think it was when I observed the symptoms in other folks. But—don't look at me like that—you might pretend you are taking notes; some one will see and wonder what we are talking about."

"Oh, if it's anything—improper, you mustn't say it, Mr. Ebsbourne." She was plainly agitated.

"Not the very least improper, little one, but the most natural thing that ever occurred to me in all my wild, harum-scarum life. No, listen calmly; if what I say is not pleasing you, I will stop, and we will not talk about it any more. I love you. Don't start so, Miss Mitchell. I have loved you ever since the first time you looked at me with those clear, liquid, honest, pure eyes of yours. I have read in their depths more than I ever discovered in my wanderings over two continents. I will not bewilder you by trying to tell you all I feel; for in so doing I would only bewilder myself. I want to give you just the idea and leave you to think it over and get used to it. I can't help loving you, any more than I could help breathing or living if I didn't breathe."

"Why—Mr. Ebsbourne," she replied, "I don't think I care for you in any way like that."

"I didn't expect you to, little one. But you can give me a little hope, can't you? You don't dislike me, do you?"

"I think you are very kind."

"That's enough—that's enough—Don't need to say another word. I'll go now and let you get used to the idea of having a lover."

"Thank you," was all Miss Mitchell could think of to say.

True to his word, the major did not urge his attentions upon the little stenographer.

The sequel was none of the major's planning. He only knew that he was speeding down the river road one afternoon, when a young horse driven by a market gardener took fright and plunked about, backing the heavy wagon directly across his way at the moment when he supposed the driver was going to be able to manage his team without further difficulty.

There was a crash and the major felt a sharp twinge of pain. When he again opened his eyes, they were carrying him in at the ladies' entrance of the Windsor.

A girlish form and white face pushed through the tangled crowd of people about him, and a pair of soft pink arms slipped about his neck. The reactionary pains were settling in, but the presence of those arms seemed to lift the tension from his quivering nerves, and he felt as comfortable as a baby on its mother's breast. And there came flowers every day, and many little home comforts that the major had not seen or thought much about since he was a chunk of a boy.

At last there came a day when the doctor told the major he might see his friends. The major said something in the strictest confidence to his nurse, and after a very long time Miss Mitchell came up accompanied by a sweet-faced, motherly little woman in black, whom the major knew by instinct must be Miss Mitchell's mother.

"Mr. Ebsbourne," said Miss Mitchell, timidly, "I didn't know I cared in that way, but I do."

SOLDIERS HUNT COVER.

Red Bugs of Southern Texas Are Enemies Warriors Find It Hard to Rout.

Rifle ranges and target practice may be all very fine in theory, declare the regulars at Fort Sam Houston, but the peculiarities of the fauna of south-west Texas conspire to make it somewhat irksome.

In other words, the men are complaining of red bugs. These are so-called in Texas. In other places they are known as jiggers or chiggers. In France they are known as chigres and in other places as chequas and chegues, by which latter name they are lexicographically catalogued. They are fancifully known as the Leptus irritans and by others are called the Sarcopscylla penetrans. By the soldiers they are called hell.

It is no uncommon sight to see one of the regulars hunt a secluded spot, unlace his leggings and his much convoluted trousers, lower his summer cottons and then go after the Leptus. It is the legs of the khaki-clad Achilles that are the favorite scolding spot for the Leptus penetrans. There is smaller chance of continuous disturbance from the owner of the shank and greater opportunity to penetrate.

The Sarcopscylla is an entertaining little animal. His salutes are national and his vespers are nocturnally prolonged. He is with you in your uprisings and your down-sitting and is amenable neither to rhyme nor reason. He tells not, neither does he spin, but Solomon with all his proverbs can not sling you into so great a dissatisfaction with life as one of these.

Hence the soldiers are not in favor of target practice when the red bugs come as the perquisites.—San Antonio Express.

City Greenhouse for Mourners.

To encourage the poorer classes to decorate the graves of relatives and friends with growing flowers instead of with artificial wreaths or cut flowers the Hammsmith borough council, of England, has erected a greenhouse near its cemetery gates, where geraniums and other pot flowers may be bought for a few pence. Hitherto graves have been adorned with flowers placed in jars and bottles.

The Disgrace of Jack Tetlow.

BY CLARENCE HOLCOMBE.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"This Conroy party comes into the bunch grass country from New York," said the judge.

"Tenderfoot?"

"Say, he's that green that when he climbs down off the box of the stage he looks up an' down the street afore he gets off. 'Fraid he's goin' to step in front of a trolley car."

"Sure he's green, but he's good stuff, an' next mornin' he's out lookin' fur a job. The boss of the Wrench outfit is in town, an' Joe strikes him first."

"Can you ride?" asks the boss.

"I don't know," says Joe, turnin' red, an' lookin' at the ground.

"Um," says the boss. "Can you cook?"

"I never have," says Joe, lookin' up hopeful, "but I'll try."

"You needn't mind," says the boss, plenty sarcastic.

"Every place he tries it's the same, an' he's purty well discouraged when final he gets to me. I'm runnin' a bunch of control cattle on Stinkin' Water mountain that summer, an' I gives him a job. Shure it looks like makin' him a present of them wages, but he's such a decent sort a chap I ain't got the heart to turn him away. I hears about him every month in Tompson's report."

"First month he says: 'Put new man to helpin' the cook. Couldn't ride a rockin' horse, an' if he ever runs across a muley cow, the chances are he'll take a shot at it thinkin' it's a coyote.'

"Second month: 'New man can ride a little. Falls off a good deal, but gets right back on. Gritty as a emery-wheel.'

"Third month: 'Conroy's got all the old cows comin' in every evinin' to be lassed. Kind a got to be a habit with them. I thought when you sent him out here you must be losin' your mind, but I guess you knew wot you was doin'. He's a fine chap, an' a hard worker.'

"It ain't long after this till the first snow falls on the mountain, an' the cattle has to be got in on the home ranch."

"It's hard work this, fur strange camps don't appeal to the cow-brute none, so after it's all over I gives the boys a week in town."

"Tompson goes after his first an' only love-taro. All summer long he's been workin' on a system, an' final he gets it down to such a fine point he can't lose. When he gets back on the ranch, he has his system left. He don't lose that."

"Barney Earle an' Jed Clemmins, be-lieves in gettin' something fur their money, an' frequently after a week's carnival, they seems to have about everything, includin' a high-class menage, with a side line attraction of wild an' untamable reptiles. That's the way my vaqueros spend their time, but as I never had money enough to enjoy them sports myself, I hangs around the boardin' house princelike, an' Joe keeps me company. The house was run at that time by a little widow by the name of Cummins."

"Right off I notices she takes a likin' to Joe. Mind you, I don't mean she becomes enamored of him none, but he's such a neat little chap, it's strange if he ain't big easino with the femmines."

"It seems a fellow named Black Jack Persons was playin' all suits both ways from the middle tryin' to win the widow, but she don't enthuse. Final, when Joe arrives on the scene she passes him up like he's a white chip, which makes him imagine Joe's attention then affections. Natural, this makes him plenty furious, an' he figures it's only a matter of time, till retribution is bound to overtake the tenderfoot. And so things run along until the night before we leaves fur the ranch."

"Harry, Jed an' Barney is all down to the saloon, an' before we turns in, Joe an' I lights our pipes an' strolls down town. As we pass the saloon the brys is in I takes it into my head to drop in an' try to get them to come to bed an' Joe follows."

"We ain't no more than entered, when a slab-sided kid called Goggle Eye George, sticks his foot between Joe's legs an' trips him up. This Goggle Eye George's eyes stick out like a shrimps, but when Joe gets up, he shure puts one of them back normal. Just one lick, an' Goggle Eye ain't got no more fight in him than a sheep, but he don't need to do his own fightin', fur right hyer Black Jack takes his hand an' plays it fur him."

"Gettin' up from the table, where he's been dealin' stud poker he walks up to Joe."

"Wot do you mean?" he snarled, a hittin' of my particular friend?"

"Joe didn't say anything, just stood his ground."

"Well, I'll make you talk!" shouts Black Jack, haulin' off an' knockin' Joe over a couple of chairs."

"Seem as I've lived in this country all my life, I hopes I knows the eddick of the plains, the same bein' that every man skips his own coyote, but fur all that I'm fur jumpin' in if Tompson don't grab me by the arm."

"Catch your stirrups afore you go rampagin' into anything like this," he says, pushin' me back into the crowd. At the same time he slips his gun into his coat pocket. Seem this I'm satisfied, fur with Tompson's gun covemin' Black Jack, Joe's as safe as if he's out on the ranch."

"Final Joe picks himself up, brushes his clothes, an' faces Black Jack."

"His mouth is bleedin', an' there's a mist over his eyes, but his voice is steady."

"I'm sorry if I knooks all the vas-

elins out of your hair," says Black Jack, grinnin'.

"Yes, I think you will be," says Joe. "You're not goin' to strike me?" asks Black Jack, like he's alarmed.

"No," replied Joe, serious.

"Well, that takes a turrible load off my mind, but mebbe you're goin' to shoot me?" he asks, like he's anxious.

"Ycs," says Joe, "I think I shall."

"Now you're talkin' like a sport, even if you ain't got the ear marks," spouts Black Jack, "an' I'm remarkin' there's few were any holes in their moccasins seekin' gun practice with me, an' he swells up big."

"With this he motions the crowd to get off the firm line, pulls his gun, an' goes to the further end of the room."

"Joe, he pulls a bull-dog 32 he's raked up somewhere, but keeps on standin' in the center of the room."

"Wot's the matter?" bawls Black Jack. "Losin' your nerve?"

"No," says Joe, shakin' his head. "I was just a wonderin' if you wasn't goin' to lose your'n. You picks this quarrel, and you suggests the weapons. Now, I'm goin' to name the distance."

"Wot's the matter with this?" asks Black Jack.

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow:
Fair.

THE EVENING NEWS.

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 90 degrees.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 3

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, MONDAY EVENING, JULY 23, 1906

NUMBER 104

REVIVAL GROWS IN INTEREST

Big Day at the Tabernacle---Tremendous Crowd Sunday Night.

The Sunday schools over the city held their services a half hour earlier Sunday, in order that preaching might begin at 10:30.

A good size crowd came out in spite of the uncomfortably hot weather, and they were well paid for their coming.

"Brethren if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." This is the text upon which Rev. Oliver preached a very powerful sermon. "The spirit of the text is Christian helpfulness to one another. Being overtaken in a fault is seldom more than the besetting sin of life. What is it that has hindered you from living close to God? Mr. Oliver appealed to the people of God to make the day one of heart searching and heart rendering. 'Oh! for men with character enough to repudiate sin wherever found. He pictured the pitiable but common spectacle of a man or boy going down the street, crazed with drink, reeling from one side to another, defaming the name of God and polluting his lips with vile and wicked utterance. Men will laugh much and some will find joy in making fun and jesting. Such a sight should burden our souls, and in the spirit of the text the children of God should seek to restore this one overtaken in a fault.

"If the people of God could only realize the value of human souls in the sight of God, there would be a great searching for the lost in this town."

Here Bro. Oliver told a story of a doomed ship, and of how the Captain was the master of the situation; getting all on board life boats and safe. "Let us realize that we are in life boats to rescue perishing men and women, if our neighbor has a mill stone, or a besetting sin about his life let us restore such a one to a place of safety. It is necessary that the people of God get a proper conception of lost souls.

At this point Bro. Oliver condemned the church people of Ada for being so indifferent and for failure to do personal work. "The lost expects the saved to be interested in them. The Evangelist reminded the congregation that the Philosophy of his evangelistic work differed from others in that he asked christians to go after sinners, not asking the sinners to come. "When I have left town, I want men to be able to point to others and say 'that that man led me to Christ.' Such a condition would serve to constrain those newly converted to live correctly not only before their spiritual benefactors but before their God. "You will be able to lead the business men of this town to Christ when your business men go after them. You will be able to lead the professional men to Christ when you professional men go after them.

It is ridiculous to hear little "one-horse" business men say: 'I am too busy to go to church.' I haven't time to be religious! Which is the most important, selling groceries or bringing souls to Christ?" Bro. Oliver told of the great merchant, Wannamaker's devotion to his church and great christian duty. "Let me convince you that

a business man can be religious if he wants to. He can go to church if he wants to. It is your business to say: 'By the grace of God, if I can be of any help to you at any time, let me know.

Bro. Oliver said that we give up fallen men and women too quickly. "You will brush by a fallen girl and ignore her but will let the hound who wrought her ruin come into your home and take your daughter out driving. I have more respect for the fallen girl, than he who caused her ruin. If you know of a fallen girl it is your duty to restore her. If you know of a man who is overtaken with drink, restore him.

"It is a great privilege to lead a soul to Christ." Pres. Harrison said the greatest honor that he ever enjoyed was the leading of a young man to Christ. If the President of the United States has time to do personal work and considers it a privilege, how much more should we consider that the time spent in leading souls to Christ is an admirable privilege.

"Tonight my text is found in Jer. 2: 19. 'Thine own wickedness shall correct thee and thy backslidings shall reprove thee, know therefore and see that it is an evil thing and bitter that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord, God of hosts.'

"Some men say that it is impossible to backslide. This is a mistake, for 900 references are given to the sin of backsliding. I am positive that God is not going to mention a thing 800 or more times unless it is worth our notice. You can find men and women in every church who are given to the sin of backsliding. Every man who believes in Jesus Christ can live the life of godliness. If he fails it is his own fault. Christian life means warfare. Go forward to fight the foe. God is never defeated. He has led us into battle that we might get the blessing. Loved ones have been lost, but it is easy to give them up if they are ready to meet God, but there are people all over this country who are shipwrecked and are going down to death. Do not get discouraged with the battle of life. Be a good soldier upon the battlefield. No man can claim to be justified in turning away from the way of righteousness. Stay close to your God.

If you go to following Him afar off the Devil will lead you into the brush. Keep your eye on the Son of God."

Here Bro. Oliver condemned the playing of cards in the home. "I would just as soon place in the hands of my little girl a kit of burglar's tools as I would to put cards in her hands. If you are not going to live a clean life do not get into the church.

"The Lord Jesus Christ will lead His sheep by still waters, but some people are not satisfied and want to back out and get with the goats. God's children are the sheep and the others are goats."

Mr. Oliver compared the labors of some preachers to the fellow to herd himself out to herd sheep and ran himself down trying to pen the jackrabbits,

thinking they were lambs.

"There are too many jackrabbits in the churches and not enough lambs.

"Every decent man will line up for God and prohibition. Got to have liquor? I say no. Let us bring Oklahoma into the Union a clean state. It will be happiness for this country when the whisky business is cut out. I have more respect for a devil in hell than a whelp who will sell liquor. Send deliverance to this people, O Christ! Let them grow in grace."

He told of the church member whose experience was written out, put away and eaten by rats.

"Many people's experience is eaten by the rats. Keep them in your heart instead of your dresser drawer. Have to have fresh ones every day. What are you doing today? Are you nearer heaven or are you one day nearer hell than ever before. Line up tonight and show yourself men of character."

"Backsliding means, when a man comes out and professes to be a Christian and promises to serve God from this day forward and then going from that place and taking upon his lips profanity. He has lost his touch with God and man. It is serious to make a vow and then break it. When a man promises God that he will be true, and will live a Christian life, he ought to die trying to keep his promise.

"Refuse to sell at any price! Are you going to make a 5c church member? Christianity is worth too much for us to play with it. Your destiny ought to be your highest aim in life. I love a man who cannot be bought.

"The backslider is too busy to go to church. If he loves his booze he joins the Elks. Every Wednesday night when he ought to have his wife and children with him at prayer meeting he

is sneaking off to some lodge."

Speaking of smoking cigarettes, Mr. Oliver said: "Girls, I had just as soon walk up the street with a pole-cat as a young buck smoking a cigarette. A cigarette is a piece of fire at one end and a fool at the other. He wouldn't bring 5c at auction.

"We want men who stand for the protection of the girls of our country. Give us men who stand for God. Men of character. The saddest of sights is to see a sweet, innocent girl standing at the marriage altar with a man who has no character.

"Parents should be careful who they let their sons and daughters get mixed up in these love affairs with. If the man you marry won't line up and be true to God, you have no guarantee that he will be true to you. If the devil runs the matrimonial affairs much longer he will be issuing marriage licenses with divorce coupons attached. God has given us the opportunity to quit our sins. The latch hangs on the outside of the door; pull the string. God will receive you and give you the blessings you need tonight."

Tabernacle Announcement.

There will be a great meeting for women only, Saturday at three o'clock.

Next Sunday afternoon at 3:00 there will be service for men only. A special lecture for men, you will be admitted by ticket but the ticket will be free.

The men of the town are required to close up there business houses for one hour four days in the week, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday from 10:00 to 11:00 o'clock.

Cupid flour, best on earth at Walsh's No. 17. 95-1f

COMMITTEES CONFER ON COTTON WARE HOUSE

In accordance with the appointment made two weeks ago the committees of nine each, commissioned respectively by the Farmers Union and by the Ada Commercial club, met Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock in Ada to confer upon the project to build in this city a large farmers cotton warehouse.

T. J. Chambless was chosen chairman of the conference and J. W. Dean Secretary. It has been published in the News the general nature of the enterprise but not until Saturday was it clearly indicated what the farmers expected of the citizens of Ada. After some desultory discussion it was made clear that the Union wishes Ada to donate the necessary ground and the Union will erect the building. All present seemed to think this a fair and equitable apportionment of the cost, and the Union's committee was given every assurance within the power of the club committee. The latter will report back to the Commercial club Tuesday night. It is confidently expected that body will promptly respond to the demand and have a suitable building site selected next week.

Quick action is necessary for the warehouse will be needed by Sept. 1. The District Union will convene at Egypt next Saturday at which time it expects to make definite plans for the construction. The club by all means should take hold of the enterprise vigorously and before Saturday have a choice of suitable sites to offer our farmers.

Roff Reunion Closes.

Saturday afternoon the great three days reunion of old soldiers at Roff came to a close. From beginning to end it was a brilliant success. An average of 4000 visitors were in attendance each day, and every one was fed lavishly.

Friday the speakers were Hon. R. L. Williams, of Durant, Hon. T. P. Gore, of Lawton, Hon. Henry M. Furman, of Ada and Hon. C. A. Skeen, of Wapauka. All made good addresses and were heartily received.

Saturday the crowd was highly entertained with speeches by Hon. Claude Weaver, of Pauls Valley, Hon. E. J. Giddings, of Oklahoma City, Hon. W. M. Franklin, of Madill and Hon. T. D. McKeown, of Ada. Gen. Whit Hyden, of the Chickashaw Brigade, and Gen. Otis B. Weaver, commander of I. T. Sons of Veterans each in turn acted in the capacity of master of ceremonies.

Throughout the three days program the Roff band furnished superb music, which greatly enhanced the pleasure of the occasion.

Before the close Saturday Otis B. Weaver offered an appropriate resolution - which was adopted with enthusiasm - heartily thanking the citizens of Roff for their unrivaled hospitality.

Each day there was an exciting ball game between the Ada and Roff teams. Thursday the score was 8 to 5 in Ada's favor. Friday, 3 to 2 in favor of Roff; Saturday Ada won again, 7 to 6.



WE ARE NOW

Turning out the finest ice cream in this section of country. It is a home product, even the ice that freezes it. When these conditions are facts why not use home manufactured cream?

CRYSTAL ICE CREAM COMPANY



A WOMAN'S DELIGHT

is always expressed if she is pleased. Let her visit our drug store and see the elegant line of PERFUMES, TOILET SOAPS AND WATER

we carry, and she will be more than delighted.

We also carry a line of fine candies in boxes.

G. M. RAMSEY, Druggist.
(Successor to Clark Drug Co.)

A Timely Suggestion

To Property Owners and Mortgagees:

Tornadoes and wind-storms have destroyed millions of dollars worth of property. In a few moments the savings of a lifetime disappear. Your property, or that held in trust by you, may at any time be similarly damaged or destroyed.

How would you be affected by such a loss? Are you insured?

A liberal form of contract protecting you in such an emergency can be had at low rates of premium from

OTIS B. WEAVER,
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.

PAUL W. ALLEN,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Horses Boarded by Day or Week.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.

Allen Livery Barn

South Townsend Ave., Phone 64.

Patronize Home Industry

By Buying Ice From

Ada Ice and Fuel Co.

Keep Your Money at Home.

We Handle the Best Grades of Coal.

Phone 249. Office at Ice Plant.

OTIS B. WEAVER

Continues in the Real Estate Business

And will give careful and energetic attention to all business entrusted. He has some 45 years' gains in Ada real estate. Manager for beautiful Sun-rise Addition. Office headquarters for prospectors

Weaver Building. 12th and Broadway.

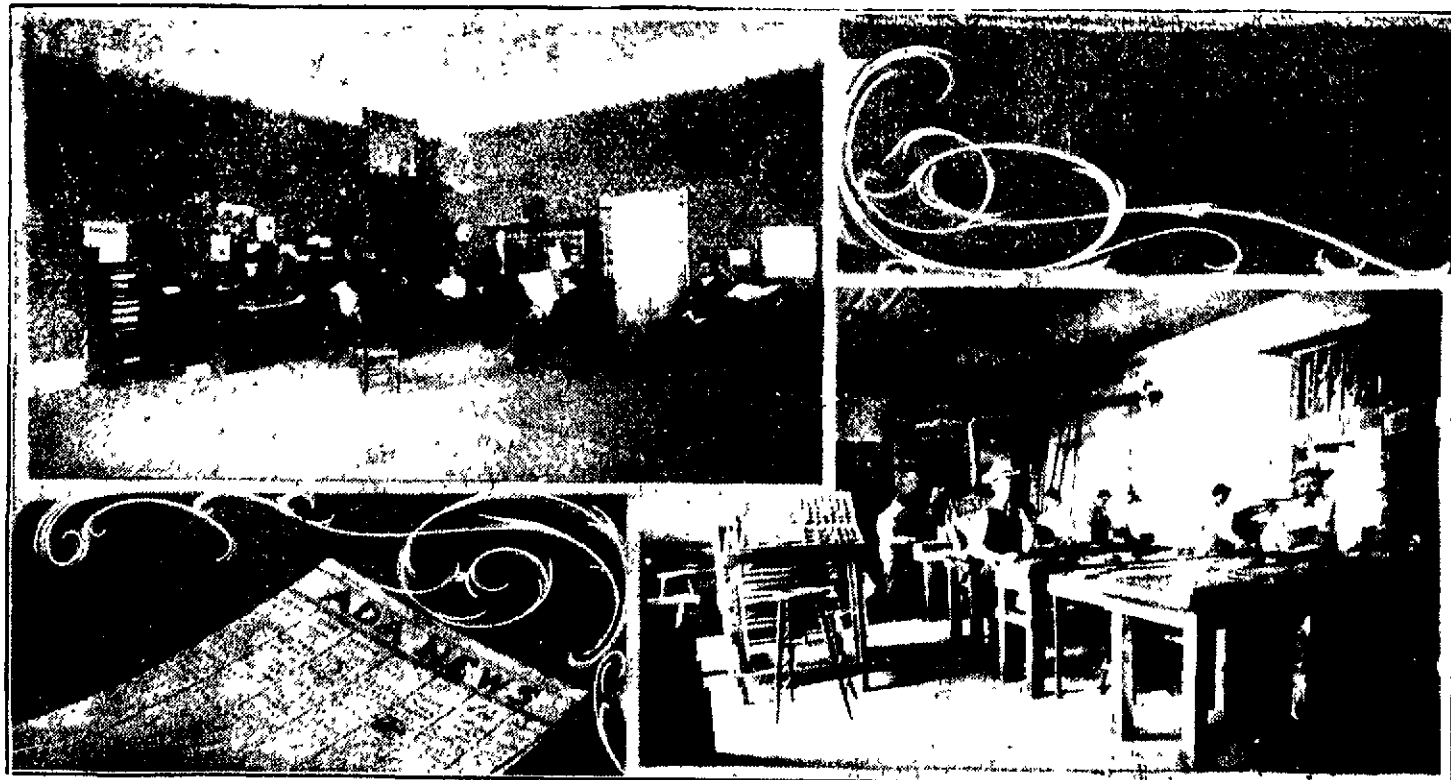
OVERDRAFTS

It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the comptroller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this, it matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafts grew out of advancing on moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.

Ada National Bank

Capital and Surplus, \$63,500.

Ada, Ind. Ter



TWO CORNERS OF THE NEWS OFFICE

Ada Evening News

OTIS B. WEAVER, PUBLISHER
M. D. STINER, BUSINESS MGR.

Entered as second-class mail matter March 26, 1904, at the post office at Ada, Indian Territory under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates on application.

THAT MOTLEY CONVENTION.

Last Thursday's News contained a signed article by a citizen of Ada in which the 18th District Republican Convention was severely arraigned because of the intimate commingling of the whites and blacks noticeable thereat. Several republicans have taken deep offence at the writup.

The News has no apologies to offer. The public may understand this paper will publish any pay, signed article offered, provided same outrages neither law nor good morals. However fierce the political turmoil might become, we had hoped to continue pleasant business and social relations with those of opposite party affiliation who have heretofore been our friends.

The constitution guarantees the negro political equality with the white man. That this sweeping concession to the black race was a monumental blunder is now admitted by the best American thought, regardless of party sympathies. However it is law, and Republicans are at liberty to court the affiliation of negroes in the party councils.

Social equality and amalgamation of the races is not guaranteed by the constitution; it cannot be; and it will never be! The suggestion of such equality is resented by not only all self-respecting whites but also by self-respecting negroes.

So regardless of political prejudice or rivalry, any conduct of political organizations which tends to encourage the leveling down process and to obliterate the racial distinctions is deeply to be deplored and is justly regarded with indignation by the community.

The full fraternization of the races in last week's convention was resented and denounced by republicans themselves, both from the North and from the South; some refused to participate in the proceedings because of it. Intimate contact with the negro race is really desired no more by respectable northern people than it is by southerners; no more by Republicans than by Democrats. Sensible negroes know it. Yet many a negro would sign away his vote for life for a Republican white man's hypocritical hug.

OGHT to hurry up with that sewerage. The people want to vote it and build it this fall.

ADA's baseball team is all right. Of course they will handle the Boston Bloomers tenderly Tuesday, but they will not be so careful as to get beaten.

The big revival grows apace. The great tabernacle is filling up. It is revivifying the community morally and spiritually. It stands for a cleaner, greater city.

AFTER the next presidential election Bryan and Roosevelt may swap jobs. Roosevelt will essay the trip triumphant around the world while Bryan will have to stay at home and devote himself to the duties of the White House.

Cool Receptions.

The late James E. Scripps, the eminent Journalist of Detroit, once rose to address a rather cold and stiff audience in a reformed Episcopal church.

Mr. Scripps took his hearers to task for their coldness in a goodhumored way. "Don't be like the flock of a young minister I know," he said.

"This young minister went to great pains to get up an evening's entertainment. The entertainment came off duly. There was a magic lantern, there were recitations and singing, and, by the minister himself, Shakespearean selections.

"The next morning, on the way to the postoffice, the minister met his oldest and most prominent deacon.

"Well deacon Jones," he said, "what did you think of the entertainment last night?" And my Shakespearean recitations did the people like them?"

"Why-er-yes, sir, seem'ly," the deacon answered. "I hain't heard no complaints."

The "Boston Bloomers," ladies champion base ball club, will play the local team of this city on Tuesday, July 24. This will be a most interesting and exciting contest and it is predicted that the Boston Bloomers will have the largest attendance ever seen at a ball game in this city. The Boston Bloomers comprise a team of lady athletes who know how to play base ball and are perfect ladies in every respect. This will be the event of the season and our local base ball management should be congratulated on securing such a truly novel attraction.

104-11

Accept no Substitute.

There is nothing just as good for Malaria, Chills and Fever as Dr. Mendenhall's Chill and Fever cure. Take it as general tonic and at all times in place of quinine. If it fails to give satisfaction G. M. Ramsey, drug Co. will refund your money.

Shallow Remorse.

"Remorse" said Mayor Wells of St. Louis, "is an excellent thing when deep enough. The trouble with most wrongdoers, when remorse overtakes them, is that the emotion is feeble and shallow.

"The average type of remorse was that of a pickpocket who sent last year this note to a man whom he had robbed of \$100:

"Dear Sir: I stole your money. Remorse gnaws my conscience, and I return herewith \$1.50."

STRANGE SAVAGE CUSTOM

Weird Tribal Ceremony of the Natives of the Anglo-Abyssinian Boundary.

Some remarkable tribal customs are reported by an expedition sent into the comparatively unknown countries between the Abyssinian capital and the northwest of Lake Rudolf, in the neighborhood of the Anglo-Abyssinian boundary.

While the expedition was sitting out at Maji, the Abyssinian post in the southwest, the local Shakkalla king died. He was sewn up in a fresh hide bag in a sitting position and placed on the floor of his hut, which stood in a clearing in the forest, and from miles around his subjects came to the lying in state.

The ground of the clearing was of hard beaten clay. All round were thick rows of huge "koko" palms, and on one side four spacious, well thatched huts and a curious mound, probably sacrificial. By the side of the huts thousands of cow bells, sweet in tone as those in a Swiss upland valley, were hung on rude trellises and swung backwards and forwards by bands of women under the direction of an old witch.

The hard, level flooring of the clearing shook under the feet of hundreds of naked warriors, chanting a wild song of death, now advancing in a rhythmic rush, now retreating and leaving two of their number in the open, who, with their 12-foot spears held horizontally just over their shoulders, the shafts quivering like a snake before it strikes, danced a wild war dance, keeping time to the chant of the chorus.

When the din grew louder the crowd surged round the dead king's hut, suddenly parted, and through the lane thus formed dashed a gleaming figure, adorned with a leopard skin, orange colored ostrich feathers, beads, and bands of copper and brass and ivory round his neck and arms.

Three times he rushed round the clearing, followed by the shouting, singing warriors, and then disappeared as quickly as he had come. The new king had been chosen.

opium in cigarettes when tobacco is cheaper than opium?

"It's the same way in my business. I can turn out bonbons in any shade you want—from the greenest of God's green grass to the pinkest pink of a painting coat, and do it all without the aid of any ingredients but pure vegetable colorings.

"I have no patience with those pure food advocates when they come nosing around the candy business. Few of them know what they are talking about, and the others have taken a few sporadic cases of children poisoned or merely made ill by overindulgence in cheap candies and condemn the lot of us.

"The candy business demands an artist these days, when you have to make displays of form and coloring to keep in the forefront of the business."

Compensation.

"I am sorry," said the doctor, "but your little girl will not be able to speak for several days!" "Then it will be safe," said the anxious mother, "for me to invite the minister to tea, won't it?"—Sketch.

Changed Her Mind.

Stella—I thought you said you would never marry a man with red hair.

May—I thought I wouldn't at the time, but he afterward proposed.—Detroit Free Press.

"Scotch" in "Commons."

There is always a bountiful supply of Scotch whiskey provided for the British house of commons. There are 670 members and the huge vat which holds their whiskey contains 800 gallons, specially distilled for them. The contents of the vat are never permitted to fall below a certain level. It is refilled two or three times during every parliamentary session.

MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS

Safe and reliable, they overcome weakness, increase vigor, banish pains. No remedy equals MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS. Sold by Dr. J. C. Lewis & Co., 115 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

FRISCO SYSTEM
TIME CARD.
Ada, Ind. Ter.

EAST BOUND TRAINS.

No. 510 Meteor, 4:48 p. m.
No. 512 Eastern Exp., 9:45 a. m.
No. 542 Local Freight, 3:45 p. m.

WEST BOUND TRAINS.

No. 509 Meteor, 8:58 a. m.
No. 511 Texas Pass, 7:15 p. m.
No. 541 Local Freight, 7:45 a. m.

Local freight trains carry passengers provided with permits. Ten per cent saved on the purchase of round trip tickets. L. McNair, Agent.

AMERICAN ARTISTS ABROAD

Their Merit Recognized and Reward ed Earlier Than It Is at Home.

Once more an American artist's picture holds the place of honor at the exhibition of the Royal Academy in London. Sargent had attained that honor; now it is Abbey's turn, with a picture distinctly American in subject, representing Columbus landing in the new world. Several other well-known American artists figure among the notable exhibitors. In the two annual picture shows now open in Paris, the same fact is true, reports the New York World.

American artists frequently complain, as do singers and musicians, that the surest way to distinction at home is recognition abroad. The protest implies that merit is not so readily accepted here as merit as it is in France and England.

The distinction attained by Sargent in London has done more than all his early successes in this country to assure his preeminence. The same may be said to be true of Abbey, although fame came to him easy as an illustrator. Something may be due to the circumstance that for years both have done most of their work abroad. Beyond a doubt, however, art is viewed far more hospitably in Paris and London than in New York. We have yet no art exhibitions that occupy so large a place in popular life as the regular shows of the two foreign capitals.

It is noteworthy also that more contemporary American artists have room in the Luxembourg museum, where living painters must await admission to the Louvre, than in our own Metropolitan. The Paris list counts about 25, among them Whistler, Sargent, Winslow Homer, La Farge, Alexander Harrison, Henry Mosler, Walter MacEwen, Carl Melchers, Miss Cassatt, Edwin L. Weeks and H. O. Tanner.

Under the old management American artists were treated with suspicion at the Metropolitan. It was sometimes difficult to get their works through the museum's doors even as gifts.

Fortunate, all that is being rapidly changed. Sir Purdon Clarke advocates the necessity of building up a representative American collection. Mr. George A. Hearn has donated a large fund, of which the income is reserved for the purchase of American works. It is a curious commentary on American taste that it was not until a foreign director was put in charge of the Metropolitan that American artists were promised something of the same public recognition they receive from the French government.

TURKEY WITH WOODEN LEG

Tale of a Gobbler That Smacks Some- what of the Munchausen Flavor.

In most communities there are certain persons who possess peculiar characteristics, habits and beliefs, and this is true of the "long shore sportsman of the old Mother State as of persons dwelling elsewhere, says Forest and Stream.

Many of the old time sportsmen still carry and use their muzzle loading guns, which cannot be displaced by more modern arms. They usually manage to bag a good many birds and other game, and this is chiefly due, it is believed, to their knowledge of the habits of the game. They seldom go out without finding something.

A story is told of one gunner who if any of the shot should fall from his hands while loading his gun will at once return home and make no further effort to hunt that day, believing as he says, that those lost were his luck shot, and it would be useless for him to continue the hunt.

Another, whom I will call here Capt. Pete, is a sailor and all round sportsman. He loves to tell of his adventures with his dogs and gun, and is seldom seen without them. He tells many stories about the accuracy of Sweet Lips, his gun, and declares he can beat any man "a-shootin' for a turkey in the United States of Virginia."

On the occasion of a turkey hunt near the Rappahannock river Capt. Pete claims to have shot a 40-pound wild turkey, for which he was offered \$4 cash. The gray whiskers on the turkey's breast were 18 inches long, and he had one wooden leg. Here Capt. Pete gives a laugh that could be heard a half mile away. "Sar, he was the biggest turkey I ever saw. There were 15 fellows in the bunch of us, and four others besides, and all ate a sumptuous meal from one-half of his breast."

Uncle Pete says he cannot account for that one wooden leg unless that turkey had been previously owned by some one as a pet wild turkey.

Natural Arm Chair.

A gardener in Korea has formed a natural arm-chair by twisting a growing vine to the required shape. It is also studded with seeds of the ginkgo tree, which have grown into the fibers of the vine. After the chair was fashioned in this way it was cut from the ground, dried and polished until it resembled mahogany. It is 3 feet 4 inches high, 25 inches wide and weighs over 100 pounds.

Banquet in a Coal Mine.

Lord Northcote, governor general of Australia, was entertained to a banquet in a coal mine at Newcastle, New South Wales. The banquet hall was 300 feet below the surface.

No Student of Shakespeare.

"What is your favorite play?" asked the girl who quoted Shakespeare. "Well," answered the youth with long hair, "I believe I like to see a man steal second as well as anything."—Washington Star.

MIGRATION OF WILD GEESSE

How the Old Leader of a Flock Gathers It and Starts on Its Journey.

At the end of March or during the first week in April all the gray geese in the Outer Hebrides collect in one place before taking their departure for their nesting haunts within the Arctic circle.

To estimate their numbers is impossible, and to behold this vast concourse of geese as one of the sights of a lifetime. The vast host of birds stands packed together in a huge phalanx till the king of the graylegs starts the flight. As the old leader ascends a hundred thousand voices salute him, but none stir till from overhead he gives the call for his subjects to follow him.

Some fifty birds rise in the air and follow him, and as they go gradually assume the wedge-like formation, with three single birds in a string at the apex of the triangle, and in a few minutes are out of sight. When they have been fairly started the king returns, and after a few minutes rest he rises into the air again, and the same process is gone through before he leads off another batch.

Again and again he returns until all are gone but 300 old veterans, which rise to meet him in the air as he flies back to them. Then, with their sovereign at their head, these also wing their way toward the pole not to return until the following October.

MEASURING DEPTH OF AIR

Atmospheric Envelope of Earth Determined by Interesting Scientific Observation.

One hundred and 31 miles is the height of the atmosphere as measured by Prof. T. J. J. See, who determines the thickness of the air envelope by noting the difference between the time of sunset and the complete disappearance of blue from the sky. The moment at which the blue changes into black can be observed quite easily with approximate certainty by the naked eye when the air is clear; and by trigonometry may be ascertained the distance below the horizon of the sun at the moment of change. By this means may be calculated the height of the smallest illuminated particles of oxygen and nitrogen which give to the sky its blueness of tint by the reflection of the smallest wave lengths of the sun's light. The instant of change from blue to black is possibly a little difficult of exact observation, but the method is not more doubtful than that based in the observation of shooting stars. The shooting star method gives a result not greatly differing from the vanishing blue method. The former gives the height of the atmosphere at 109 miles.

4 Trains a Day Between Chicago, Indianapolis and Cincinnati VIA MONON ROUTE

Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Ry. Co.

Finest Pullman Equipment, Including Compartment Cars, Incomparable Dining-Car Service.

The "LIMITED," A NEW TRAIN, leaving Chicago at 11:20 p. m., arriving Cincinnati 7:35 a. m., and leaving Cincinnati 11:25 p. m., arriving Chicago 7:40 a. m., is an especially popular train. Carries Indianapolis layover sleeper.

Chas. H. Rockwell, Traffic Manager. Frank J. Reed, Gen. Pass. Agent

THE SUNSET ROUTE OCEAN to OCEAN

Offers the Best

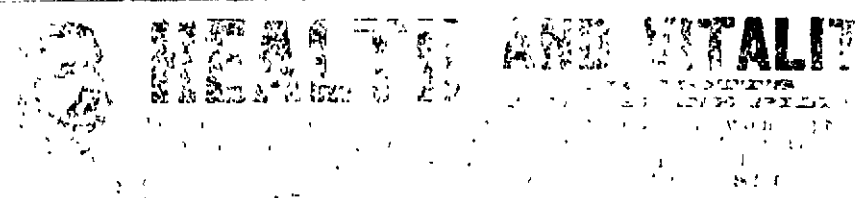
Fast Trains, Latest Dining, Sleeping and Observation Cars Between

New Orleans and California, Daily

Through Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, and will carry you over the

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that you read so much and hear so much about from the press and the people. Oil burning locomotives all the way; no smoke, no cinders. For beautiful illustrated literature and other information, see nearest Sunset Ticket Agent



THE NEWS' SOUVENIR ALBUM

Will Portray Ada and Ada Country in Beautiful Half Tone Pictures Made From

Actual Photographs

There will be Nearly 150 Views and no Expense is being spared in Compiling the Work

See Us About It

LOCAL NEWS

Gale Statler of Jessie is in town today.
Cupid flour at No. 17. Guaranteed the best. 95-tf
B. E. Sattlefered, of Honey Grove, Texas is in the city.
Walsh handles the White Swan canned goods. Phone 17. 95-tf
H. L. Byrne of Blossom, Texas is visiting his niece Mrs. H. B. Roach.
If you want the White Swan canned goods, phone us. M. L. Walsh. 95-tf
Quite a number of Adaites went to Shawnee on the excursion Sunday.
R. H. Gambler went to Lexington today to visit home folks.
M. L. Walsh will furnish you with the White Swan brand. Phone 17. 95-tf

LOST.—A sold gold watch charm with hook on it. Liberal reward.
104-2t Fred Seibert.
FOR RENT.—Good office rooms on Main street. Little Bros. 104-tf

Miss Mary Houghton visited her sister, Mrs. J. B. Emory, at Shawnee Sunday.

Art and Cricket Adair and Ophelia Warren returned from a ten days' visit at Wetumka.

Mrs. H. A. Cunningham of Dallas, is the guest of her brother Mr. H. B. Roach on 10th street.

Miss Leone Ham, of Weatherford, Texas, is the guest of her sisters, Miss Cora Ham and Mrs. A. M. McCoy.

Dock Couch, Jesse Warren, Misses Warrens and Nannie Couch spent Sunday at Jackford and the Rockcrusher.

Five room house to rent on 16th street. \$9 per month. H. C. Thompson, over Ada Nat'l Bank. 100-4t

L. D. Gordon and H. B. Church, of Jefferson City, Mo., friends of Atty. C. H. Ennis of this city are here prospecting.

Mrs. Margaret Hoover and little daughter, of Eureka, Kansas, are the guests of Mrs. Jno. Beard and Mrs. Dr. Broun.

Mrs. C. P. Bruce of Paul's Valley, Miss Inez Stewart of Ardmore, and Miss Chloe Roff of Roff, are the guests of Mrs. S. M. Torbett.

Mr. E. G. Martin, of Gainesville, Ky. and daughters, Mrs. N. O. Brite and Mrs. Will Stark, of Bowling Green are visiting their son and brother, Dr. S. J. Martin on 14th street.

Mrs. F. M. Allen and son Jno. Skilman, came in Sunday from Denton, Texas, the guests of her brother-in-law Paul Allen on West 13th street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Sparger and their daughters, Misses Irene and Blanche and Miss Lula Burney of Bonham, went to Sulphur Saturday evening.

The person who took a song book from the tabernacle belonging to the man whose name appears in the cover will please return same this evening and leave it in the seat he took it from. Thank you. 104-1t

Miss Mammie Butts, accomplished daughter of Judge Burris, a Chickasaw citizen of McGee is the guest of Mrs. W. A. Alexander. She has been attending Columbia University in Washington, D. C. for several years and returns there in September to teach art.

A. N. Harrison, of Terrell, Texas accompanied by his family came in Sunday and will reside here permanently. He expects to eventually engage in the civil service business. Mr. Harrison was a reader of the News at his Texas home and called to have his paper transferred. We are always glad to welcome Texas citizens to Ada.

We guarantee our Cupid flour No. 17. Walsh. 95-tf

The "Boston Bloomers," ladies champion base ball club, will play the local team of this city on Tuesday, July 24. This will be a most interesting and exciting contest and it is predicted that Boston Bloomers will have the largest attendance ever seen at a ball game in this city. The Boston Bloomers comprise a team of lady athletes who know how to play base ball and are perfect ladies in every respect. This will be the event of the season and our local base ball management should be congratulated on securing such a truly novel attraction. 104-1t

Do You Need Shoes?

If you want a pair of Shoes that combine style, elegance and individuality with the best leather and excellent workmanship, why not try ours? You will be satisfied with your selection. The latest correct styles for men, women and children

CHAPMAN
The Shoe Man.

Good Man Endorsed.

The News is pleased beyond measure to note the announcement that Mr. W. W. Barnett of Allen is the unanimous choice of the democrats of that town for delegate to the constitutional convention for the District which may include the town of Allen.

Mr. Barnett is a farmer, and an honest and intelligent gentleman. Who could represent a constituency better in a constitutional convention?

Endorsement of W. W. Barnett.

Whereas our fellow citizen, W. W. Barnett, has made known his intention of becoming a candidate to the Constitutional Convention and, whereas he is widely known to be a citizen of sterling worth, unimpeachable honor, and steadfast integrity, and whereas, we believe that he will honestly represent the conditions and needs of the district from which he will, if elected, be sent and, whereas, we deem him the most suitable of all known aspirants for the Conventional honors. Therefore,

Be it resolved, that we, the Democratic Club of Allen, I. T., in session assembled, do heartily sustain, and endorse his candidacy for said office of Delegate to the Constitutional Convention. This July 16, 1906.

B. F. Cunningham, Pres.
O. W. Ross, Secretary.

Remember the Game.

The original "Boston Bloomers, Ladies Base Ball Club," who are making an extensive tour of this country, traveling in their own special private car, will play a most novel, interesting and exciting game of ball with our local team on Thursday, July 24. They have caused thousands to applaud and marvel at their wonderful playing and are without doubt the greatest club of lady base ball players ever organized. Their remarkable success during the short time they have been in this section is only a continuation of the success they have met with everywhere. Ladies can attend this game without any fear of being offended as nothing will be said or done that would shock the most fastidious. The ball grounds will be enclosed with a canvas fence 14 feet high and a covered grand stand will also be erected. Game called at 3:00 p. m. Admission 50 cents. Grand stand extra. You will be greatly disappointed if you fail to see them. 104-1t

Jumbled Reasoning.

Upton Sinclair, the famous young novelist, was talking at Princeton about America's more notorious and vicious corporations.

"The men who own these corporations don't regard themselves," he said, "as scoundrels, as vile and pitiless scoundrels. Somehow they deceive themselves into thinking that they are good business men, public benefactors who put bread into the mouths of thousands of poor folk."

"Their reasoning is altogether jumbled, illogical, idiotic, unconvincing. It is like the reasoning of the boy with the toothache."

"This boy, beside himself with toothache, muttered, as he started for the dentist's office with his hands to his cheek."

"'Maybe it'll ease up some by the time I get in the chair. If it does I'll pretend I want a haircut.'"

SHOT IN BACK.

Hugh Maxwell accused of Selling liquor at Railroad Camp.

Saturday night Deputy Brent's arrested Hugh Maxwell three miles west of town who had been shot over the shoulder blade by Mr. McAdams, a contractor on the Oklahoma Central near town. The wound is slight. Mr. Brents says Maxwell was peddling whiskey in the camp and when pursued by McAdams he took to the woods but was fired on by the contractor. Both parties are here awaiting the examining trial.

BOOT LEGGER.

Jno. Sullivan Arrested at Francis by Marshall Skinner,

City Marshall, R. J. Skinner of Francis came in this morning having in custody Jno. Sullivan, whom he had arrested at Francis Saturday evening. The examining trial is being held today. Dave Patterson, J. A. Sutton and Grant Scroggin are here as witnesses.

Young Peoples Meeting.

Nearly 250 children heard Bro. Oliver's talk at the Young People's meeting. Space forbids us giving even a meagre account of the service. He impressed on his hearers the importance of early training of the children. "If they are old enough to go to school they are old enough to be trained in the service of God."

The life germ is formed the first seven years of a child's life, therefore it is important to train the children early in the service of God."

This service was a helpful one. The children were awakened to the responsibility of parents in the home and of consistency therein.

Frisco.

Summer tourist rates to points in the Southwest. Rate, one and one fifth fare for round trip. Tickets on sale June 1st to September 30th. Final limit October 31st, 1906. This rate applies to many points in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia. Call and get particulars.

I. McNair, Agent.
Ada, I. T.

STEED

Will Supply Your Needs In

Shirts

At Prices That Will Astonish.

The Latest Men's Collars. All Sizes for

10c EACH

We Have Some Big Bargains in Childrens Shoes

STEED

GOLDEN GATE



TEAS and EXTRACTS Are The Best

1 lb. pkge Tea ... 25c

1 lb. pkge Tea ... 35c

Extracts ... 15c, 25c



Jones & Meaders

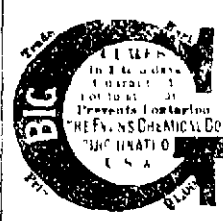
Doctors Endorse It.

Long Bros., Druggists, Paducah, Ky., write: "We sell more of Dr. Mendenhall's Chill and Fever Cure than all other remedies combined, having retailed over 700 bottles in one season. Physicians here prescribe it and persons who once use it will have no other. Sold by G. M. Ramsey Drug Co."

Geo. A. Truitt, Engineer and Land Surveyor

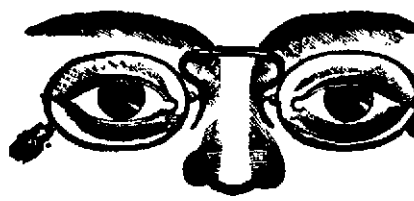
Office Rear Ada National Bank.

Prompt and Careful Attention Given to All Work Entrusted.



MEN AND WOMEN. For the treatment of all diseases of the urinary system, including gonorrhea, syphilis, etc., we have a special method of treatment, which is guaranteed to cure in all cases. Consultation free. Address: Dr. J. H. Smith, 101 N. 1st St., Ada, I. T.

Eyes Tested Here



By a Specialist, and Glasses Made to Suit. Absolute Satisfaction is Guaranteed You.

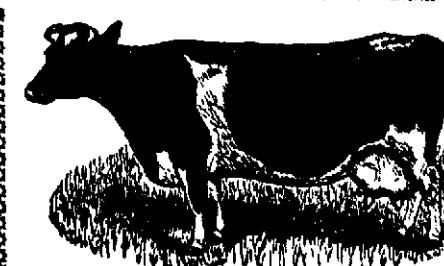
Sprague Bros., Ada, I. T.

A Full Line of May Manton Bazar PATTERNS

10c each. Catalogues 10c. Fashion Sheet Free.

These patterns are the best that can be purchased anywhere at any price.

Reed & Harrison



New Dairy

I have started my wagon and am now prepared to supply the people with choice milk and cream. Your patronage solicited.

R. L. McGUYRE, Phone No. 193.

LOANS

On Dead Claims, Intermarried Surplus and where Restrictions Are Removed. Improved City Property or to build.

Correct Neat Abstracts of Title at Reasonable Prices

ADA TITLE and TRUST CO.

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HENRY M. FURMAN.

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Office and Residence at M. M. Sander's home on South Broadway. Phone 245.

ADA, IND. TER.

Reed & Harrison Wholesale and Retail Buggies

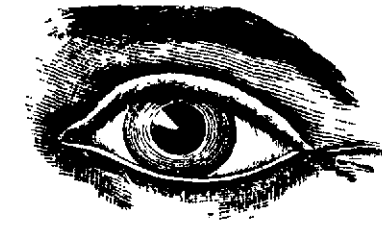
The Best Makes, the Lowest Prices

I have opened the

Twelfth Street Meet Market

and ask a share of your patronage. Nothing but the best of meats will be carried and your patronage will be given the most careful attention.

C. L. HICKEY.



Eyes Tested and Glasses Fitted C. J. Warren, Optician

ADA STEAM LAUNDRY CO.

Is given up to be best Do

Largest Agency Work

of any plant in this Territory

MISS NELLIE KENNEDY, TRAINED NURSE.

Konawa - Ind. Ter.

Phone No. 33.

The NICKEL STORE

Where You Save Money on Everything.

A full car load of Crockery landed in the Nickel Store a few days since. In this lot there are a lot of things you will be interested in; may be not because of what they are, but because you can buy them so cheap.

Milk Pans or Crock 6c

1 gal. Milk Pans or 12c

Crock, 2 gal.

Tall Jars, up to and including 6 gallon sizes, cost you 6c per gallon. You will find the tall jars particularly nice for putting up your pickles, etc.

Come here for your Fruit Jars. Fruit Jars, Ball Mason patent, with tops and rubbers, 1/2 gallon size, 85c dozen.

Extra Rubbers for fruit jars, 5c dozen.

Extra Tops with Rubbers, 25c dozen.

Jelly Glasses with tin covers, 25c dozen.

Candies

Don't fail to try our nice fresh Candies. We are sole agents for the "Red Band Brand" candies of New York City manufacture, a factory that makes 20 tons of fine Candy a day. Coconut Bon Bons and Chocolate-per pound 12c.

Our Stationery Department

This is, has been and will be one of the most successful in the store. We sell pens, ink, mucilage, glue, composition books, ledgers, journals, day books, tablets both for pencil and ink, ruled and unruled. 5c.

We also in this department keep slates, slate pencils, school boxes and school supplies.

Novels

A complete, always up-to-date line of novels, standard authors, 10c.

Nickel Store.

The 5c and 10c store of Ada, I. T.

S. M. Shaw, Prop. New location on Main street third door west of Rollow's corner.

Phone 77.

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Helps Digestion

PURIFIES AND REGULATES

THE BOWELS

A MARVELOUS MEDICINE FOR DISEASED KIDNEYS

Accept no substitute. Insist on having the genuine PRICKLY ASH BITTERS with the large figure 3 in red on the front label

SOLD AT DRUG STORES - PRICE \$1.00

The Intensely Practical Poet.

BY J. LOUIS ENGDAHL.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"Now, if you could only write poetry."

"Poetry be—I beg your pardon, but do you know that I think you are very foolish?" and Harry Furber shrugged his shoulders, jabbed his hands into his pockets, and thought the question decided.

"I wish I could get you to appreciate the artistic. It is a great thing to love art."

"My goodness. I love you, and that is enough for me. I can go to the theater and pick a good play every time I see one. At the exhibit, I can admire the best pictures. I like beautiful singing. I can read a good story or a good book, but poetry—and you now want me to write some."

"You are too intensely practical."

"And you don't like intensely practical people?"

"They are very nice to have around."

"Then I may come around as usual, you won't deny me that?"

"Oh, no; you are always welcome."

Then Furber took his leave. As he went down the steps of the Koessler mansion, he met Robert Phelan, but he did not look at him. Phelan was a poet.

They had been at Harvard together. Both had very indigent fathers. Phelan had written poetry for the "Monthly," and in his senior year had been chosen to be its literary editor. After graduating he had still continued to write poetry, and once his contribution had been accepted by an eastern magazine.

Furber had been a little of everything in college, and in the end had turned out to be not much of anything. He had many friends, had a good time, managed to get a diploma, and, he asked, "What more could anyone want?" Immediately after graduation, Furber, the elder, had taken his son into his office, intent on teaching him the grocer business. Furber was a name much known on "change in Chicago." Harry Furber was appointed to be one of the representatives of the firm in the pit, and he had soon learned to bid in on the wheat with the best of them.

But Ruth Koessler was his stumbling block, and Phelan, the poet, was the hard thing he bumped against every time he stumbled. Together, Furber and Phelan had begun to call upon Ruth. Ruth said she liked both of them, but she had gradually developed a sense for the artistic, and Furber was not artistic, but Phelan was a poet, and so he must be artistic. He could talk all about ancient Greece and Rome, and could quote much from the classics.

Furber knew the original source of these lectures, and although he liked to hear Ruth talk, he would not stand for anything that came from his rival. And now she wanted him to write poetry.

It was the middle of the forenoon, and things had quieted down in the pit. The market was holding steady, and Furber was wondering what effect the war in the east would have on the grain crop.

He walked up out of the pit and sat down in a chair away from the rest of the crowd. He was thinking of Ruth again. He sat and thought of the talk they had had the day before.

Then a smile something akin to the kind he wore when he had done something very well, stole across his face.

He pulled a pad of paper from his pocket, and for half an hour he seemed to be struggling with something in his mind, once in awhile writing down something, and the men in the pit continued to read and talk automobiles, and prices in wheat still held steady.

"Then when the half hour was up, he smiled again, and what he had written, and then looked about him.

"Hello, there, Ripley!" he called. "I have got a scheme," Furber said. "I want you to get up there in the pit and introduce me as the great and only, you understand. Then I will get up and speak my piece."

"All right," and Ripley went over to a long, inclosed desk, where several men were writing, and spoke a few words to them. Then he came back to the pit and took a position where he could be heard by all.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am about to introduce to you our far-famed, great and only illustrious friend and co-worker, Furber, the poet," and Ripley stopped to get his breath, and everyone applauded.

"He has composed a poem in your honor—your honor, I say, the honor of all of us," and he stopped again, and there was some more cheering.

"Now, gentlemen, I want you to give your best attention. The show begins right away."

A chair was brought, and Furber, with the sheet of paper in one hand, got up into it, blushing like a little girl making her first appearance at a Sunday-School Christmas tree. Then he began:

There's a bull upon the market,
And the bear is waxing hot.
In the East the Japs are fighting,
In the West the rust is out,
So the bear is waxing hot.

The farmers want high prices,
They all yell for dollar wheat.
So they scare the trade with cries
Of Russian fly and rains of steel,
And the bear keeps waxing hot.

There are many wheat crop killers,
With this bull upon the market,
Yelling halt and blight and frost;
But the Russian bear ain't in it,
With this bear that's always hot.

Then he finished the applause, which broken out in several places, growling for these men of the pit could not, and then some one started a line, and in turn Furber was compelled to take the hand and receive the con-

gratulations of every man in the room. Late that afternoon, Furber took his way leisurely out to the Koessler mansion, and he hoped that she would be at home. He didn't have time to wait for the evening editions to appear on the streets, but he would make her read his poetry out of her own newspaper.

Phelan, coming down the steps as he ascended, was a damper on his feelings, but could not suppress them by any means.

"I am so glad to see you!" cried Ruth, as she opened the door in answer to his ring.

"Nothing artificial about that welcome," thought Furber. Then he managed to have her take him out on the inclosed veranda that overlooked the street. He wanted to get that paper from the carrier as soon as he could. In the meantime they talked.

"I believe I could like intensely practical people," Ruth said, guardedly.

"But they can't write poetry."

"When I was down town this morning, I went over to see what you were doing. I was up in the balcony, and—"

"I never saw you," broke in Furber, and a sickly feeling came over him. He wondered at what time she was up there in the balcony.

"No, but I saw you, and you seemed so excited, just like all the others. I do not know what you were all shouting about, but I knew that you were doing things. Everything seemed on the move."

"Thank you," said Furber, and he felt relieved. "She must have been up there afterwards," he thought.

At that moment the paper carrier came around the corner, and in a few minutes Furber was eagerly turning the pages of a copy. Ruth wondered what was the matter with him. Then he dropped the paper and looked out towards the street. He could not look at her.

"Why, what's this?" said Ruth, and he turned.

The paper was lying where it had fallen with the last page upwards. Sure, there it was. He had forgotten to look at the last page.

He picked up the paper and handed it to Ruth. This individual newspaper devoted the last page to special features. It had certainly made a feature of him. There was a write-up with the poem telling all about it and the author, but there was also—he swore he would jump on that reporter next time he met him—the picture of himself, in his running togs at college. It must have been the cut they used that year he ran in the mile. "University athlete goes through wheat pit to become a poet," it said.

But Ruth was devouring it all. "Oh, Harry, how could you do it?" she said at last.

"Easy," and Harry would have hugged that reporter.

Then Ruth got up and went into the house followed by Furber. She got a scissors and carefully clipped the poem from the paper.

"Say, Harry," she said, as she finished, "you can do almost anything, can't you?"

Harry was too much flattered to answer.

"Well—" and Ruth blushed slightly and smiled at him.

"Ruth," and Harry stretched out his arms toward her imploringly.

When they closed, they curled about Ruth, for she was within them.

OLD JAKY'S SHOT.

Amusing Story of Gen. Nelson During the Siege at Corinth—His Lucky Shot.

One day during the siege of Corinth Gen. Nelson came to the front to look after things, and especially to see how a favorite battery of artillery was getting along. A party of Confederate sharpshooters had taken refuge in one old house about half a mile to the front of our force, and the artillerymen were directing their guns upon it. He grew very impatient because the house had not yet been struck, and rode hastily up to the guns.

"They will pick you off there, general," said our sergeant in a warning voice.

The general snapped out: "Go to the devil, sir; no, darn it, I mean to thank you, sir."

Just then came a long tom with a "zip." The general, hearing the well-known sound, jumped off his horse in a rage, caught one of the guns, ran it forward by main strength and aimed it himself, remarking that he would show them how to shoot at him.

As he was aiming our captain said: "A little too high, general," but was cut with the ever ready reply, "Go to the devil," and ordered to pull the trigger.

The ball went crashing through the tree tops not a hundred yards ahead of us, more in the direction of the sky than the house, says the American Tribune, but it happened that at the same instant one of our other guns was fired, and the ball struck the chimney of the house.

The general, seeing the chimney fall, shouted: "By God, sir, I knew it; it takes me to knock things about them," and rode away, calling back: "Captain, I will call around in the morning and give you practice; I can hit 'em every time."

He did not hear the laugh that followed, but old Jaky's shot was never forgotten.

Architect Needed Nowadays.

Phibb—Hear about Squire? He's a successful architect.

Dubb—Architect! Why, he doesn't know the difference between a Greek temple and a dog kennel.

No; but he can put a six-room apartment where there is only space for a five-room flat.—Columbia Jester.

The Major.

BY CHARLES EDMUND BARKER.

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He was one of the kind of people who came naturally by a nickname.

The major was one of the most methodical of men. Promptly at nine o'clock he came down fresh and pink from breakfast, read his mail in the comfortable seclusion of the writing room, dictated the answers to his letters to the hotel stenographer, lit a fresh cigar at the cigar stand, and then dull business cares were brushed aside and he repaired with sprightly steps to the bar, where he seated himself in a favorite corner and began the serious occupation of the day by ordering a "gentleman's drink of whisky." Other drinks followed at intervals during the morning, varied in strength and frequency by the character and numbers of the other visitors.

By the hour of noon he had reached a stage of mellowness that developed a rare play of rich and spicy wit.

It was beneath the mahoud of the major to approach the dining-room while in his cups. When six o'clock came, his dinner was served to him at his particular table in the corner of the bar, and the sitting, more often than not, was continued until midnight.

With all his roystering habits, it should not be hastily concluded that the major led an entirely useless or purposeless existence. Many were the tales of his generosity. When "Dab," the old head porter, was laid up with rheumatism, it was the major who visited him in his little hotel of a home on "The West Side," provided for his family and paid his doctor's bill. Then every one knew of his kindly and sympathetic interest when Miss McFee, the old-maid stenographer, took pneumonia and died.

And then the new stenographer came.

She was a lump of a girl, as round as a pigeon, with frank, brown eyes that seemed to challenge respect and civility by their very innocence. Her voice was soft and respectful, and it was an inspiration to see her personal and complete interest in her patrons. Miss Mitchell was her name, and it was hard to keep from becoming confidential with her at the very first interview.

Almost from the first, the sharp observers among the frequenters of the Windsor, noticed that it took the major somewhat longer to dictate his mail to Miss Mitchell than it had to Miss McFee, and, moreover, he did not hurry away to the bar quite so precipitately.

One day in the midst of the letters, Miss Mitchell looked up for an instant at a lady who was passing through the lobby.

"What an exquisite bunch of violets," she said.

"Very pretty," replied the major, following her glance, and then they went on with their work.

The next morning a neighboring artist's boy placed a fine bunch of English beauties in the little bud vase that had been Miss McFee's, on Miss Mitchell's desk, and morning after morning this was repeated.

After the morning dictation during one of the little chats which the major had come to allow himself, Miss Mitchell, one day expressed a very adverse opinion about the men who drank and were "fast."

This speech had a marked effect upon the major.

The very next day, after his business routine, the major left a forwarding address with the clerk on duty and registered out. His absence was noticed immediately in the bar, and inquiries were made of the clerk.

A month or two months passed, and still the major had not returned to his old corner in the Windsor bar. The only mark of his long residence at the hotel was the little bunch of fresh violets which daily adorned Miss Mitchell's desk.

One day, as unheralded as had been his departure, the major returned to the Windsor. His complexion was whiter and his eyes were clearer, otherwise he was the same old major, careless, lively and jovial.

He dictated his letters to Miss Mitchell as usual the next morning, but it was observed and marked with much special notice that he did not follow his old habit of turning toward the bar immediately thereafter. Instead of this, he stepped into a big automobile that stood at the door, and was away in a trice. He became a devotee of this big machine. A large portion of the day he gave himself to runs and tours. Sometimes he carried a friend or two with him on these excursions; but they were rarely any of his old friends of the bar.

At least once he asked Miss Mitchell to ride with him, but she met the proposal with a cheerful "no, thank you," that left no room for doubt about her decision.

A morning came on which he attended to his correspondence with more than usual care. In addition to the regular grind of business he wrote some long delayed missives to old college friends—dashing, brilliant, unconventional letters they were, full of the boyish spirit which the major still held, notwithstanding his acknowledged 38 years. When he had quite finished, he drew from his pocket an important looking paper.

"Miss Mitchell, I have a very particular matter I wish to speak about—No, you needn't take my words down on paper—I'm not dictating. The fact is—I am—thinking of—well, giving you the chance of dictating some to me, if you think proper."

"Why—what do you mean, Mr. Eb-

bourne," she asked, her large, heavy lashed eyes looking the utmost wonder.

"It's a very simple matter, Miss Mitchell—at least I used to think it was when I observed the symptoms in other folks. But—don't look at me like that—you might pretend you are taking notes; some one will see and wonder what we are talking about—"

"Oh, if it's anything—improper, you mustn't say it, Mr. Ebbsbourne." She was plainly agitated.

"Not the very least improper, little one, but the most natural thing that ever occurred to me in all my wild, harum-scarum life. No, listen calmly; if what I say is not pleasing you, I will stop, and we will not talk about it any more. I love you. Don't start so, Miss Mitchell. I have loved you ever since the first time you looked at me with those clear, liquid, honest, pure eyes of yours. I have read in their depths more than I ever discovered in my wanderings over two continents. I will not bewilder you by trying to tell you all I feel; for in so doing I would only bewilder myself. I want to give you just the idea and leave you to think it over and get used to it. I can't help loving you, any more than I could help breathing or living if I didn't breathe."

"Why—Mr. Ebbsbourne," she replied, "I don't think I care for you in any way like that."

"I didn't expect you to, little one. But you can give me a little hope, can't you? You don't dislike me, do you?"

"I think you are very kind."

"That's enough—that's enough—Don't need to say another word. I'll go now and let you get used to the idea of having a lover."

"Thank you," was all Miss Mitchell could think of to say.

True to his word, the major did not urge his attentions upon the little stenographer.

The sequel was none of the major's planning. He only knew that he was speeding down the river road one afternoon, when a young horse driven by a market gardener took fright and plunged about, backing the heavy wagon directly across his way at the moment when he supposed the driver was going to be able to manage his team without further difficulty.

There was a crash and the major felt a sharp twinge of pain. When he again opened his eyes, they were carrying him in at the ladies' entrance of the Windsor.

A flimsy form and white face pushed through the tangled crowd of people about him, and a pair of soft pink arms slipped about his neck. The reactionary pains were settling in, but the presence of those arms seemed to lift the tension from his quivering nerves, and he felt as comfortable as a baby on its mother's breast. And there came flowers every day, and many little home comforts that the major had not seen or thought much about since he was a chunk of a boy.

At last there came a day when the doctor told the major he might see his friends. The major said something in the strictest confidence to his nurse, and after a very long time Miss Mitchell came up accompanied by a sweet-faced, motherly little woman in black, whom the major knew by instinct must be Miss Mitchell's mother.

"Mr. Ebbsbourne," said Miss Mitchell, timidly, "I didn't know I cared in that way, but I do."

SOLDIERS HUNT COVER.

Red Bugs of Southern Texas Are Enemies Warriors Find It Hard to Rout.

Rifle ranges and target practice may be all very fine in theory, declare the regulars at Fort Sam Houston, but the peculiarities of the faint of southern Texas conspire to make it somewhat irksome.

In other words, the men are complaining of red bugs. These are so-called in Texas. In other places they are known as jiggers or chiggers. In France they are known as chigres and in other places as chequas and cheques, by which latter name they are lexicographically catalogued. They are fancifully known as the Leptus irritans and by others are called the Sarcopysylla penetrans. By the soldiers they are called hell.

It is no uncommon sight to see one of the regulars hunt a secluded spot, unlace his leggings and his much convoluted trousers, lower his summer cottons and then go after the Leptus. It is the legs of the khaki-clad Achilles that are the favorite sojourning spot for the Leptus penetrans. There is smaller chance of continuous disturbance from the owner of the shank and greater opportunity to penetrate.

The Sarcopysylla is an entertaining little animal. His salutes are martial and his vespers are nocturnally prolonged. He is with you in your uprisings and your down-sitting and is amenable neither to rhyme nor reason. He toils not, neither does he spin, but Solomon with all his proverbs can not stifle you into so great a dissatisfaction with life as one of these.

Hence the soldiers are not in favor of target practice when the red bugs come as the perquisites.—San Antonio Express.

City Greenhouse for Mourners.

To encourage the poorer classes to decorate the graves of relatives and friends with growing flowers instead of with artificial wreaths or cut flowers the Hammersmith borough council, of England, has erected a greenhouse near its cemetery gates, where geraniums and other pot flowers may be bought for a few pence. Hitherto graves have been adorned with flowers placed in jars and bottles.

The Disgrace of Jack Tetlow.

BY CLARENCE HOLCOMB.

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"This Conroy party comes into the bunch grass country from New York," said the judge.

"Tenderfoot?"

"Say, he's that green that when he climbs down off the box of the stage he looks up an' down the street afore he gets off. 'Fraid he's goin' to step in front of a trolley car."

"Sure he's green, but he's good stuff, an' next mornin' he's out lookin' for a job. The boss of the Wrench outfit is in town, an' Joe strikes him first."

"Can you ride?" asks the boss.

"I don't know," says Joe, turnin' red, an' lookin' at the ground.

"Um," says the boss. "Can you cook?"

"I never have," says Joe, lookin' up hopeful, but I'll try."

"You needn't mind," says the boss, plenty sarcastic.

"Every place he tries it's the same, an' he's purty well discouraged when final he gets to me. I'm runnin' a bunch of control cattle on Stinkin' Water mountain that summer, an' I gives him a job. Shure it looks like makin' him a present of them wages, but he's such a decent sort a chap I ain't got the heart to turn him away. I hears about him every month in Tompson's report."

"First month he says: 'Put new man to helpin' the cook. Couldn't ride a rockin' horse, an' if he ever runs across a muley cow, the chances are he'll take a shot at it thinkin' it's a coyote.'"

"Second month: 'New man can ride a little. Falls off a good deal, but gets right back on. Gritty as a emery-wheel.'"

"Third month: 'Conroy's got all the old cows comin' in every evenin' to be lassed. Kind a got to be a habit with them. I thought when you sent him out here you must be losin' your mind, but I guess you knew wot you was doin'. He's a fine chap, an' a hard worker.'"

"It ain't long after this till the first snow falls on the mountain, an' the cattle has to be got in on the home ranch."

"It's hard work this, fur strange camps don't appeal to the cow-brute none, so after it's all over I gives the boys a week in town."

"Tompson goes after his first an' only love—taro. All summer long he's been workin' on a system, an' final he gets it down to such a fine point he can't lose. When he gets back on the ranch, he has his system left. He don't lose that."

"Barney Earle an' Jed Clemmins, he-Beves in gettin' something fur their money, an' frequently after a week's carnival, they seems to have about everything, includin' a high-class menagerie, with a side line attraction of wild an' untamable reptiles. That's the way my vaqueros spend their time, but as I never had money enough to enjoy them sports myself, I hangs around the boardin' house principle, an' Joe keeps me company. The house was run at that time by a little widow by the name of Cummins."

"Right off I notices she takes a likin' to Joe. Mind you, I don't mean she becomes enamored of him none, but he's such a neat little chap, it's strange if he ain't big cassino with the femmines."

"It seems a fellow named Black Jack Persons was playin' all suits both ways from the middle tryin' to win the widow, but she don't enthuse. Final, when Joe arrives on the scene she passes him up like he's a white chip, which makes him imagine Joe's alienatin' them affections. Natural, this makes him plenty furious, an' he figures it's only a matter of time, if retribution is bound to overtake the tenderfoot. And so things run along until the night before we leaves fur the ranch."

"Harry, Jed an' Barney is all down to the saloon, an' before we turns in, Joe an' I lights our pipes an' strolls down town. As we pass the saloon the boys is in I takes it into my head to drop in an' try to get them to come to bed an' Joe follows."

"We ain't no more than entered, when a slab-sided kid called Goggle Eye George, sticks his foot between Joe's legs an' trips him up. This Goggle Eye George's eyes stick out like a shrimps, but when Joe gets up, he shure puts one of them back normal. Just one lick, an' Goggle Eye ain't got no more fight in him than a sheep, but he don't need to do his own fightin', fur right hyer Black Jack takes his hand an' plays it fur him."

"Gettin' up from the table, where he's been deadin' stud poker he walks up to Joe."

"Wot do you mean?" he snarled, a hittin' of my particular friend?"

"Joe didn't say anything, just stood his ground."

"Well, I'll make you talk!" shouts Black Jack, haulin' off an' knockin' Joe over a couple of chairs."

"Seem' as I've lived in this country all my life, I hopes I knows the eddies of the plains, the same bein' that every man skeeps his own coyote, but fur all that I'm fur jumpin' in if Tompson don't grab me by the arm."

"Catch your stirrups afore you go rampagin' into anything like this," he says, pushin' me back into the crowd. At the same time he slips his gun into his coat pocket. Seem' this I'm satisfied, fur with Tompson's gun coverin' Black Jack, Joe's as safe as if he's out on the ranch."

"Final Joe picks himself up, brushes his clothes, an' faces Black Jack."

"His mouth is bleedin', an' there's a mist over his eyes, but his voice is steady."

"I'm sorry if I knocks all the vas-

eline out of your hair," says Black Jack, grinin'.

"Yes, I think you will be," says Joe. "You're not goin' to strike me?" asks Black Jack, like he's alarmed."

"No," replied Joe, serious.

"Well, that takes a turrible load off my mind, but mebbe you're goin' to shoot me?" he asks, like he's anxious."

"Ycs," says Joe, "I think I shall."

"Now you're talkin' like a sport, even if you ain't got the ear marks," spouts Black Jack, "an' I'm remarkin' there's few wore any holes in their moccasins seekin' gun practice with me, an' he swells up big."

"With this he motions the crowd to get off the firm line, pulls his gun, an' goes to the further end of the room."

"Joe, he pulls a bull-dog 32 he's raked up somewhere, but keeps on standin' in the center of the room."

"Wot's the matter?" bawls Black Jack. "Losin' your nerve?"

"No," says Joe, shakin' his head. "I was just a wonderin' if you wasn't goin' to lose your'n. You picks this quarrel, and you suggests the weapons. Now, I'm goin' to name the distance."

"Wot's the matter with this?" asks Black Jack.

"Nothin'," says Joe, "only the school I attends when I'm a kid teaches manners instead of sharp-shootin', which same system seems to have been reversed where you're brought up. Now if you will be so kind," says Joe, bowin' low, "you will step this way."

"Wot do you mean?" stammers Black Jack.

"I mean," says Joe, cool as a mint julep, "that this affair is goin' to be breast to breast."

"For a moment Black Jack looks at him in surprise, then swallows several times an' hangs his head."

"If he don't except he knows it's his finish in the cow country, an' likewise it's the same if he does, fur even a tenderfoot like Joe can't miss at that range. Black Jack is a bad man, but more than one notch in his gun, but he don't care run his brand on the little slick-eat that's standin' there in the middle of the room, even if his horns ain't cut of the velvet. He looks around at the crowd, then seein' it ain't no use he shoves his gun in his pocket, an' goes over an' gets his hat. As he does this, Tompson gives a hiss, an' though you can see it hurts he never turns."

"Black Jack Tetlow is a gambler," says the judge, as we arose and pushed our chairs against the wall, "but he lets a tenderfoot make him lay down a cunch."

ANIMALS LIKE CAKE.

Dogs and Horses, Once Accustomed to Sweet Food, Evince Great Fondness for It.

Comes into a bakery a small girl, followed and attended by a fine, big dog with a coat of long, silky hair and tail fringed with the same; and as the little girl is making her purchase the dog stands near her, waving its tail slowly and gently.

The girl gets the bag of rolls she has come for and turns to go; and at this critical moment the dog, its tail waving now a little more vigorously, looks up at the baker. And the baker responds promptly; he places in the dog's mouth a cake, and, swallowing that, the dog turns now and lopes off after the small girl.

"All dogs like cake," said the baker, in answer to an inquiry, "or at least all dogs brought up in the house, which are likely to be pampered and fed more or less on cake and other sweet stuff, and they come to like it. It's the same with horses."

"Plenty of people give their horses a lump of sugar occasionally, and the horses like that; and bakers' horses, anyway, like cake. When the driver brings my horse around in the morning it expects a cake; and if it doesn't get it soon the horse will walk right up to the door for it."

"True, dogs and horses don't find any cake in nature; but they acquire a